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THE CHILD'S WARNING.

There's bloom upon the lady's cheek,
There's brightness in her eye:
Who says the sentence is gone forth
That that fair thing must die!

Must die before the flowering line,
Out yonder, sheds its leaf—
Can this thing be, O human flower!
Thy blossoming so brief!

Nay, nay, 'tis but a passing cloud,
Thou didst but droop awhile;
There's life, long years, and love and joy,
Whole ages, in that smile—

In the gay call that to thy knee
Brings quick that loving child,
Who looks up in those laughing eyes
With his large eyes so mild.

Yet, thou art doom'd—art dying; all
The coming hour foresees,
But, in love's cowardice, withhold
The warning word from thee.

God keep thee and be merciful!
His strength is with the weak;
Through babes and sucklings, the Most High
Hath oft vouchsafed to speak—

And speaketh now—"Oh, mother dear!"
Murmurs the little child;
And there is trouble in his eyes,
Those large blue eyes so mild—

"Oh, mother dear! they say that soon,
When here I seek for thee,
I shall not find thee—nor out there,
Under the old oak-tree;

"Nor up stairs in the nursery,
Nor any where, they say.
Where wilt thou go to, mother dear?
Oh, do not go away!"

Then was long silence—a deep hush—
And then the child's low sob.
Her quivering eyelids close—one hand
Keeps down the heart's quick throb.

And the lips move, though sound is none,
That inward voice is prayer.
And hark! "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"
And tears are trickling there,

Down that pale cheek, on that young head—
And round her neck he clings;
And child and mother murmur out
Unutterable things

He half unconscious—she deep-struck
With sudden, solemn truth,
That number'd are her days on earth,
Her shroud prepared in youth—

That all in life her heart holds dear,
God calls her to resign.
She hears—feels—trembles—but looks up,
And sighs—"Thy will be mine!"

MODERN ENGLISH LITERARY MEN. ROBERT MUDIE.

A truly remarkable man was Mudie! Born in one of the obscurest corners of Scotland, and trained, literally, at the anvil, he was destined to become the schoolmaster, the author, and an editor of the newspaper press; and to furnish delight to more classes of society, perhaps, than any other man of his day. He was always ready to receive an order to write on any subject, whether he understood it or not. I have heard him say, that if he understood it, so much the better, for then he had no trouble at all about it; but if he did not understand it, why, then he must give a week's reading to it, and anybody with a shadow of a mind might write a quarto on a week's "cranning." Governed by this principle, when it was necessary that he should learn Latin, he began in the middle of Virgil, and by the help of his dictionary worked his way to the end, never reading the *grammar* till he could write the language. Now, it was literally the case with Mudie, that he had to fill himself with matter for everything he undertook. He has more than once told me, that when the celebrated Dr. Chalmers applied to him to devote three or four hours every Saturday afternoon "to give him some astronomy," that he might be qualified to deliver his popular lectures on that subject, the preceptor knew no more than the pupil; and yet, he would say, "be it always remembered, I am not responsible for the Doctor's horrid mistakes anent the matter."

I know not what Mudie did in Scotland before he commenced his English career; but I have heard him tell not a few of his freaks, often scattering consternation around him. He edited, I believe in Edinburgh, a weekly newspaper.

A piece of scandal occupied the attention of the whole city, and Mudie resolved on both exciting curiosity, and on disappointing it. The paper one day professed to contain a review of a recently published pamphlet on the all-exciting topic. The review gave an account of the size of the publication, its price, the manner in which it was "got up," and the name of its publisher—a man, I remember, the most unlikely of all others to publish such a book. The review, moreover, carefully criticised the style, pointing out its excellences and defects, corrected some slight typographical blunders, gave some piquant extracts, and closed by giving "the contents" of its various chapters. The whole city was roused; the people ran by thousands to purchase the extraordinary book, the advertised publisher of which had nothing to do for many hours but to declare that he had published no such work, and knew nothing about it. The book had never been written;—the night before publishing day, the printer had wanted "copy;" and the editor thought that this sort of thing would sell as well as anything else,—nor was he mistaken.

After his removal to London, his pen was prolific and profitable; and yet, utterly ignorant of the value of money, Mudie was always miserably poor. "The Results of Machinery," published by Knight, and attributed to Lord Brougham,—"The Modern Babylon,"—"Readings in Science,"—and "Practical Agriculture," all came from his pen within a few weeks, and were all equally acceptable. He would write in the same month, "The Young Female Servant's Guide," an "Almanac," "Theatrical Criticisms," and "Letters on the Use of the Plough in the North of England." I have known him conduct "The Mechanics' Magazine" in the metropolis, and spend a large portion of the month at Winchester, preparing "The History and Topography of Hampshire." But it is impossible to tell what Mudie could do, or what he did.

Dr. Johnson used to say, that an author could only work as he was driven to it by the want of money. Certainly this want of money would at any time call forth the faculties of Robert Mudie. Two series of his works have been popular in the United States, and it may gratify the reader to know somewhat of their history. Having formed an idea that the titles, "The Heavens," "The Earth," "The Air," and "The Sea," might, if well wrought out, form useful and acceptable books, I was authorized to obtain such works. I sent for Mudie; it was about my first interview with him; I explained to him what I wanted; and offered him forty guineas per volume, payable on delivery of the copy. He accepted the terms, and in four days brought the manuscript of the first volume, saying, he was "much in want of cash." I was scarcely prepared for such promptitude, and was half disposed to read before I paid. He very truly assured me, however, that none could read his writing but printers, and that they had to guess at half of it. He took away his money—the book turned out a good one, and I soon discovered that all his works, and the style and matter of some of them are exquisitely beautiful, were produced in the same rapid manner. The same things were substantially true of his "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter."

The appearance of the author by no means corresponded with the character of his productions. He was tall, bony, stout, and rough—just like a Scottish blacksmith. His dress and coarse stick corresponded with his person, and no stranger would imagine that so rough an exterior contained so much intelligence or such fine taste. His sensibility was equal to either of his other excellences. I have heard him descant on the beauty of a blade of grass, and on the wisdom of Deity as apparent in its formation, till he has wept like a child. I am afraid however, that he would mistake this sentimentality for religion—an error sometimes fallen into by others, as well as by Mudie.

On one subject I firmly believe that Mudie wrote *con amore*, nor do I think that the wealth of India would have induced him, on that subject, to take the wrong side. He was the unyielding friend of liberty. Strong representations of facts, withering sarcasms, and irresistible appeals to the higher principles of human nature would pass from his pen whenever the sanctuary of liberty was invaded. His papers, on this subject, when connected with "the daily press," would be copied and extended to every corner of the land; judges in their crimed robes have trembled at his rebukes; and senators have been compelled to "explain," when they have smarted under his lash. Alas! that Mudie should have died in poverty, and have left a wife and family in almost hopeless distress!

WILLIAM HONE.

Few of my readers ever saw my friend Hone; those who did, will never forget him. His noble countenance, indicating intelligence and benevolence in equal degrees, commanded respect and admiration. Whether you visited him in his own house, when surrounded by his family, stepped into his little room while he was preparing the next number of "The Every Day Book," or met him in the large political or literary party, you saw good temper, and listened to tones you would never willingly forget. He could be severe, but this power was seldom called into action; when it was employed, the object of it never lost the impression he produced.

The reader will remember some fifteen or twenty years ago, when Hone published his Parodies of the Litany, and sundry other matters. He had been disgusted with the cant of priests and of politicians, and determined to hold them up to the ridicule of the world. He had not then learnt to distinguish between religion and its professors, and we cannot be surprised that he did not perform his task wisely. The British government, in an evil hour, resolved on Hone's prosecution; and Hone wisely resolved personally to defend himself. Poor Lord Ellenborough, to the latest day of his life, remembered his third trial. His lordship was angry at his former acquittals, and determined to occupy the bench himself on the trial of the third indictment. The court was crowded—the indictment was read—the witnesses were examined, and it was clear enough that Hone had published Parodies tending to bring the government and the established church into contempt. He rose, however, to defend himself; the im-

menso assemblage were almost breathless. He stood there the very embodiment of intellect, scorn, and energy. On either side he had a pile of books, ancient and modern, to be used during his address. In vain did the judge tell him that he had adopted a wrong course, and that it would avail him nothing to show that many others had done wrong before him. Hone told his lordship that his address was to the jury, and that his object was to show that judges, priests, and bishops, from the middle ages downwards, had indulged in parodies, and were never accused of attempting to bring government or religion into contempt. How often did Ellenborough endeavor to stop him, and as often did Hone, with the most admirable tact and good temper, ward off his attempts to destroy his argument. At length, seeing the jury were becoming fatigued, Hone exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I will only detain your attention a few minutes longer. His lordship has told you that all parodies of his character are opposed to the law, and renders their authors obnoxious to punishment; gentlemen, we will test the impartiality of his lordship: I hold in my hand a parody written a few years since, within the walls of one of our universities; a parody of sacred writ; its author, a man of splendid talents, is now one of the ablest judges of the land; gentlemen, listen"—and he began to read an able but violent attack on living persons; suspicion was soon awakened as to the author; Hone warmed as he read; fire seemed to flash from his eyes as he looked the judge in the face, and read some of its sentences with the strongest emphasis. Then, after a pause, which spoke louder than any words, he turned from the bench to the jury, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, we will have one short passage more!" Poor Ellenborough! How he had felt for some quarter of an hour! Throwing himself back on his seat, and looking as no man ever looked before, he cried out in a most beseeching tone; "Spare me, Mr. Hone, spare me!" Hone threw down the book, saying, "My lord, your request is granted." The jury acquitted the prisoner, but the judge never recovered his confidence. The universal opinion was that Hone had inflicted his death-blow.

Years rolled along, and Hone avowed himself a Christian. More transparency of character, or simplicity of conduct, were never witnessed. No man ever doubted the sincerity of his profession. He had yielded to conviction, forced upon him in a manner irresistibly powerful. He lost money and friends by his profession of religion, and was some time before he formed new connexions from whom he could obtain any degree of support for a numerous family. He became at length, one of the editors of "The Patriot," the newspaper organ of the English Dissenters, and gained their high esteem for the independence, the consistent character, and healthy tone of whatever he wrote.

It was my happiness to meet Hone at the last dinner party at which he was present. His health had long been declining; and, as he assured us, nothing but his high regard for the gentleman whose table we surrounded, and his wish once more to utter his undying attachment to the great principles of liberty, civil and religious, would have induced him to venture three or four miles from his residence. The party consisted of some twenty-five of the noblest spirits of England's metropolis. There were present clergymen, civilians, and lords of the press; antiquarians, historians, and poets, united to furnish one of the highest intellectual treats I ever enjoyed. During the evening, our host proposed the health of William Hone, which was drunk with every mark of the most profound respect. He rose to acknowledge it. I remember—nor can I ever forget—how he stood at the corner of the table, at the elbow of the president; his open, manly countenance, how it was lit up with intellect and benevolence; you could read his very soul by the light it gave. He thanked us for the compliment we had paid to him; expressed his delight that he was once more surrounded by such a party; avowed his full conviction that his health would never again permit him to associate with his friends; and begged permission, therefore, to leave with us his "last legacy." He then glanced at his former life, assured us of the entirely unsatisfactory character of infidelity, and ably contrasted it with the peace inspired in the breast by Christianity. He frankly regretted that he had ever done or said anything injurious to Christianity; and, after a long pause, looking with intense earnestness round the table, he added, "Do not mistake me, gentlemen, I still detest the representations of Christianity given by many of those who wear her garb, and live on the public purse;" and, taking out a New Testament, which he always carried in his pocket, he added, "this is my Christianity; and while it fills me with hope of immortality, it teaches me that it is too holy to be loved by tyrants. Liberty, gentlemen, liberty, civil and religious, is the doctrine of this book. I live and die protesting against the union of religion with tyranny. I must do so," gently tapping the New Testament several times, "for so does the book."

No, the reader has not a full idea of the scene, for I cannot transfer to paper the decaying form of the speaker, nor the fervor of his countenance, nor the light and benevolence of his eye; I cannot describe the solemn silence or the tearful attention of his auditors; nor can I tell how often we have reminded each other, when we have met, of the "legacy" of our friend; still less can the reader know how much every one of us realized the increase of his responsibility, and the enlarged extent of his obligation to freedom, after listening to the swan-like song of this labourer, I had almost added, this martyr in the sacred cause.

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.

A singular being was Sir Richard. He was many years a bookseller in London, and once sheriff of that city, during which period going up to court with an address, George III. conferred upon him the honours of knighthood. Sir Richard did very much to serve the cause of literature. He commenced, and for many years ably sustained "The Monthly Magazine," which did more in its day to disseminate correct views of philosophy and freedom than any other periodical. It is true, that many of the dictionaries and other publications which bore his name were only projected by him, and were executed by others; and though it is equally true that to other books he only lent his name, that they might be received with favour by the public, yet did he render services which ought to be remembered with gratitude.

Yes, he was indeed a singular man. On one occasion he called on a lawyer to consult him as to the best method of collecting in a large number of debts due to him. The man of law, in the course of conversation, intimated that the most effective methods of collecting debts were had recourse to in cases of bankruptcy. Sir Richard carefully calculated, and found that some two or three thousand pounds would be saved by a process of this character, and actually declared himself insolvent, and became a bankrupt; the commission was regularly worked; twenty shillings in the pound were paid in full to his creditors, and Sir Richard retired with a handsome surplus, on which to live without the anxieties of trade. What to some persons would appear the disgrace of bankruptcy was to him only a source of amusement; and often would he talk of the examinations he underwent by the commissioners and his creditors with hearty glee, and laugh at the compliments he received from his creditors on their being paid the whole sums he owed them.

I had not seen Sir Richard for several years, and had thought it probable that the gratification of again looking upon him was not even in reserve for me. But I was mistaken. I happened to conduct a periodical of a miscellaneous character, in which one of the writers had made a somewhat distant allusion to a transaction between Sir Richard and himself some years before. The paper was anonymous, but when it came under the eye of the knight he remembered the facts and the parties concerned. He could not deny the statements, but he thought he could frighten and perhaps otherwise punish the very innocent editor. On going one morning to the establishment of the publishers of the work of which I have spoken, I found standing at the counter a rather portly looking old gentleman, dressed like a farmer, evidently fond of good living, and no stranger to the bottle. He stood there greatly excited, bandishing his thick, hooked oak stick, and demanding to know the name and the residence of the editor of ———.

The publisher appealed to me, as to a stranger, whether he was bound to accede to such a request. I sat down, and very coolly heard from the doughty knight his version of the whole affair, which he solemnly swore should end in his thrashing the editor with his stick. I suggested that he should write to the editor, intimating that if the editor were a gentleman, he would carefully present a full statement of facts to his readers. But this would not satisfy the old gentleman, who then wished to know if I were acquainted with the said editor. Well, I somewhat suspected that I knew him and cheerfully promised the knight that I would bring the affair before that gentleman, and assure him that Sir Richard was determined to inflict upon him the weight of his oaken staff. He went away in an awful passion, swearing that he would visit the publisher daily till he introduced him to the editor.

As for Sir Richard, he never again saw the editor; for, during the day, a communication was made to him that if he chose to go into the whole affair, all its circumstances should be published in the ———, and that the writer of the article would be happy to meet him in a court of law or equity; but that if he again visited the establishment of the publisher to interrupt its proceedings, he would be delivered over to the charge of the police. The next thing I heard of Sir Richard was that he was numbered with the dead. Peace to his memory; may no rude hand ever rifle his grave.

EDWARD IRVING.

That Irving was an extraordinary man, is a fact which no one who knew him will ever dispute. His want of taste in some important matters, his wild vagaries on several theological subjects, and his unwillingness to bow to authorities to which he had professed his readiness to submit his judgment, were all against him; but who ever doubted his mighty talents, his high moral courage, or his unimpeachable integrity? A man who could labour with untiring zeal in a cause which excited against him all his early friends, and who could, while in the very article of death, in the very prime of his days, sing the Hebrew of the twenty-third psalm, must, of necessity, be one whom it is worth stopping to look at.

And what was so remarkable about him? What could so readily awaken attention in the mighty Babel of London, and produce such wonderful effects? He came there to a deserted Dissenters' church, and speedily it was crowded by churchmen, philosophers, judges and statesmen. To a church that but as yesterday was utterly unknown, we have seen the carriages of a Canning, a Brougham, and a multitude of other such men wending their way, while thousands were shut out at the celebration of every service. It was not simply that he was a talented Scotchman, for England contains hundreds of such men; nor that he had been the assistant of Chalmers, for many an able preacher has been known to employ very inferior men to assist him, that he himself might appear to the greater advantage; nor that he was a man of extensive learning, we do not know that he pretended to this, or even if he had attained it, very many of the English clergy, of every denomination, enjoy it also.

The person of Irving was in his favor. He was tall, bony, finely formed, with a singular but piercing eye, and his raven black hair falling on his shoulders, would mark him out from a thousand other persons. Then his voice was deep and sepulchral in its tones, and possessed a power which would throw over a vast audience a commanding influence, hushing all to attention. And then again his style was utterly unlike that of any other man of his day. He possessed a fine imagination, combined with a mighty grasp of mind, and he selected as his great model, the immortal John Milton. He had studied his prose works by night and by day, and used his cumbersome phrases, and constructed others like them. Like Milton, he seemed to visit all other worlds, and to describe them with perfect ease, as being intimately acquainted with them. No hearer of Irving could be inattentive or unimpressed. Men of correct taste might say, as Robert Hall did, "Well, sir, if Mr. Irving be right, we are all wrong, and all the men of antiquity, Cicero, and Demosthenes, and the rest of them were all wrong;" but every one would hear, nevertheless; yes, and every one would admire.

Did my reader ever listen to an energetic speaker? I will venture to assert that he never heard any man, of any profession, in any part of the world, so energetic as Edward Irving. The first time I saw him was on a platform of a public meeting. His name was announced as the next speaker; he rose, and looked round on the vast assembly; his eyes seemed, even before he spoke, to flash fire, and every muscle and every nerve was in motion. He began to speak, and his broad Scotch accents, which he certainly did not attempt to disguise, his strong thoughts, presented in grotesque and most unusual language, and his indescribable energy spread over the large room an influence never exerted by any common man. And who that happened to be present when in an annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he rose amidst the thousands who crowded Exeter Hall, to move a change in the conduct of the Society, can ever forget him? It seemed to be the determination of the leading person on the platform to prevent his being heard; but he rose in all the majesty and power of a lion in the prime of his being, passed to listen to the groans and the clamor by which any other man would have been silenced, and then shaking his head, his black hair flowing over his shoulders, and raising the clenched fist of his right hand above his head, and whirling it round, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Do ye know in what spirit I came here to speak, that you dare to put me down!" He persevered till he obtained a most profound silence; delivered his speech, and lost his amendment. But he had accomplished his object; his question was seriously considered in the committee, and from that time the circulation of the Apocrypha, the matter of his objection, was abandoned.

Indulge me, friendly reader, with another moment or two. Memory and imagination almost persuade me that I am again in a public meeting where he, and others, who have also passed to another world, were present. Irving liked to feel sometimes that he was a clergyman of the Scottish establishment. In England he was but a Dissenter, but yet he liked to think of being a churchman. Sometimes he would feel the disadvantage of such a position; and then he would, with all his usual candor, frankly admit it. The meeting to which

I have referred, was one of a Dissenting Home Missionary Society, designed to instruct the ignorant in religion. He was invited to attend and address the assembly. There he was surrounded by hundreds of Dissenting ministers, who rejoiced to see him among them, and to listen to him as to a brother, but who had no sympathy with any notions he might entertain of the superiority of an establishment. The Report having been read, he was called on to move its adoption, and very soon did we find that the committee had made no mistake in their selection of the mover of such a resolution, but the conviction was reached in a somewhat remarkable manner.

After having eulogized the zeal and activity which had distinguished the operations of the institution during the year, he went on to admire the self-denial, the labor, and all the other excellences of the agents employed. He admired the men who would walk eight or ten miles and back to preach in a farmer's kitchen, filled with poor of the land, or to visit a sick and dying cottager; and then, kindling as he proceeded, he exclaimed: "And oh, chairman, I envy your agents, when I hear that no geographical boundaries confine their efforts; I learn with gladness that their parishes include every spot, however distant, where they can do good. In all things do they say with the immortal Chillingworth, 'Above all things, liberty.'" The meeting was electrified; the platform itself resounded with cheers. Irving paused, and looked around him; he had been unconscious of the use that would be made of his language; and saw not, what every one else saw, that he had unwittingly employed a powerful argument against an established church. The cheering was renewed; and the town of rebuke sat on his ample forehead, his dark eyelids for a moment covered his eyes, and their flashes of lightning seemed to dart from him, as he cried out: "Chairman, brethren, I meant nothing wrong;—wherefore, then, do ye thus taunt me? I claim, as a minister of the Scottish kirk,—I claim your pity,—your sympathy; you labor not under our disadvantage"—the rest of the sentence was lost in rapturous cheering; the chairman arose, and gently whispered in his ear, that the feelings thus expressed were those of grateful delight in liberty; and that the meeting considered that he was now demolishing all established churches. He became aware of his mistake, smiled in admirable temper, and said, "Ah, chairman, I mistook the brethren; they understand liberty, and now they shout its praises. I have known so little of it, that I actually mistook its voice for that of taunting unkindness. Yes, that parish system is an argument—I will not say a solitary one—against an established kirk." Having thus set matters right between his auditory and himself, in a spirit and style which none who heard the speech can forget while he lives, he urged the responsibility to do good arising from the possession of perfect freedom; he candidly confessed the happy tendency of the purely voluntary system to accomplish what no compulsory scheme could effect; and for nearly half an hour dwelt on this topic in a manner worthy of the creed, the church, the country, of JOHN KNOX.

Democratic Review.

RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA.

Narrative of the late Victorious Campaign in Afghanistan, under General Pollock, with recollections of Seven Years' service in India. By Lieut. Greenwood, 31st Regiment. With Illustrations, Pp. 360. London, Colburn.

After the number of publications we have already had on this subject, little more than gleanings can be looked for; and what the author has given us of these is lively and interesting enough. His style is of that vivacious kind now so much affected for the sake of popularity; his prologue somewhat of the longest; and his sporting mania in keeping with almost every narrative with which the East supplies the press. Such being, briefly, the character of the volume, we shall select a few extracts to show readers the nature of the amusement they may derive from its perusal, besides good advice to youths going to India, and the relations of a number of acts of individual heroism, which Lieut. Greenwood either witnessed or heard of in his only campaign: previous to this, he lay at Ghazepore, which, he tells us, "is a famous place for thieves. Scarcely a night passed while we were there without robbery taking place in the barracks, or some of the bungalows. The Indian thieves are, I suppose, the most expert in the world. The quartermaster-sergeant of the regiment, when we were at this station, was a very corpulent and heavy man. The staff-sergeants had bungalows, and his was situated on the left of the line of barracks; one night his house was entered by robbers, who not only cleared it of every thing portable that was lying about, but absolutely stole the very bed-clothes from under the fat sergeant himself and his sleeping family without disturbing one of them. When they awoke in the morning they were lying on the bare mattresses. This is a common trick with Indian thieves, and the way in which they manage it is this. The robber before he enters a house, or tent, first strips and anoints himself with oil,—which is done in order that in case any person should be awake and seize the intruder, he might be enabled to slip like an eel from his grasp. Thus prepared, he creeps into the dwelling as noiselessly as possible. The nights in India are generally very close and oppressive, and the sleep of most people, although heavy, is uneasy and disturbed. Of this the thief takes advantage. He quietly crouches down close under the bed, and with a feather gently tickles the nose of the sleeper, who, half-dozing, rubs it and turns on his couch. While he is doing this, the sheet on which he is lying is withdrawn a little from under him by the thief. When he is fast asleep again, a second application of the feather causes another turn, and again a little more of the sheet is pulled away. The thief then goes on the other side, and the tickling is continued until the sheet is completely withdrawn from under the unconscious sleeper. The operation takes some time, but is always so nicely managed that I believe there is no case on record of the slumberer being awakened while the robbery was going forward."

This is equal to Mexican freebooting, but, still at the same station, we read:—

"The Hindostanee name of the pineapple is Onanas, and a very good story is told of a joke made by a young cadet in Calcutta on an old civilian with whom he was dining. The old gentleman was very prosy, and seemed inflated with prodigious ideas of his own consequence. He told interminable stories about himself and his wealth, until every body got quite sick of them. At last the young man could stand it no longer, and pointing to a pineapple on the table, addressed his host as follows:—'Pray, sir, why is your coat like that fruit?' The leaden-headed elder considered for some time, but was unable to solve the riddle. 'Because, sir,' was the answer, 'it is *on an ass*.' (Onanas.) During the rainy season we were much annoyed by the number of snakes and rats which infested our bungalows. These vermin absolutely swarmed in every apartment. The snakes were of the most poisonous description, and, of course, exceedingly dangerous. I killed several in my bedroom, and my wife was much alarmed two or three times by the appearance of a large cobra di capello

in her bath-room. The venomous reptile used to come in through the drain which was made for carrying off the water, and she therefore decored the ayah to stop the aperture up. This was done; but a day or two afterwards, on going to take the customary morning bath, she was much frightened by the appearance of the snake standing erect, with his hood extended, in a corner of the room. On hearing her scream, I rushed to the place, and soon with a stick despatched the intruder. The opening of the drain, it appeared, had been partially stopped up by small pieces of brick; but the reptile had still managed to squeeze himself through. When made he had caught and swallowed a musk-rat, which so considerably increased his bulk, that he could not make his retreat by the small hole through which he had entered, and thus lost his life through his gluttony. It is seldom that an European is bitten, although instances of very narrow escapes are constantly occurring."—"The common rats are nearly as great [as the musk-rats]. During the whole night they will scuttle and scramble about the house, disturbing every body by their gambols. Their depredations, also, are most daring and quite in the wholesale line. I remember once at Ghazepore, after a review, taking off my coat and accoutrements and throwing them down on a sofa. From among the things a silk handkerchief and my dress-sash were speedily missing. As the natives are very fond of silk articles, I naturally suspected that the servants had stolen them; and, accordingly, they were apprised that if the missing things were not found, their wages would be stopped to replace them. Some days after this occurrence, I discovered a rat hole through the false screen in front of the fireplace, and on removing it, not only found the missing handkerchief and sash, but about half-a-dozen napkins and towels which had been lost from time to time. These were all evidently carried thither and made in a bed by the rats. They must have taken the towels from off a wooden horse in my dressing-room, and dragged them across two other apartments to their hiding-place."

On the march into Afghanistan through the Punjab, we read:—

"The camel, I believe, is the only animal that cannot swim.* It is an extraordinary fact, that the moment they lose their footing in a stream, they turn over, and can make no efforts to prevent themselves from being drowned. They have naturally a great antipathy to the water, which enhanced the difficulty with which we had to contend. Many became so much alarmed after they were in the boats that they jumped overboard and were lost. A Seik envoy accompanied our force on the march. He had been sent by Shere Sing ostensibly to obtain for us any supplies we might happen to want, but really, I believe, as a spy. This worthy's name was Cheyt Sing, and a funny fellow he was. In person he was short and punchy, with a large good-natured-looking face, and a roguish leer in his eye. He was very civil and obliging, and in consequence was asked to dine with us at the mess. He came attended by three strapping Seiks, as attendants, and although he informed us his religion would not permit him to eat with us, he would drink as much as we liked. Accordingly, he seated himself at a little distance from the table, and a bottle of port wine was delivered to one of his attendants. When Cheyt Sing was challenged to drink, another of his men pulled out a little silver cup, which he filled and held to his master's lips. The old Seik was not long in emptying the contents; and, the moment he had done so, the third attendant stepped forward with a linen cloth and wiped his mouth for him. The operation was repeated whenever he drank. Every officer at mess made a point of challenging him; and, as he finished a bumper every time, he soon got royally drunk. He then began to be very facetious, and made many jokes in his own language, which nobody understood but himself, his utterance having become rather thick. However, they seemed to tickle his own fancy, for he laughed immoderately, and was eventually carried out by his attendants just as he had volunteered a Seik song, but of which, it appeared, he had forgotten both the tune and words. He dined with us several times afterwards, and said we were capital fellows; and consoled with us on our misfortune in not having been born Seiks.—Some of the inhabitants of the Punjab have an extraordinary custom of burying their dead with the head downwards in a small deep pit. The reason they give for it is this: they believe the world is flat, and that on the last day it will be turned topsy-turvy. The gates of heaven they imagine will only be open for a short time, and it will be first come first served with the future inhabitants of the mansions of bliss. By burying their dead with the head downwards now, they will be standing on their feet when the world turns over, and thus, according to their argument, they will of course be enabled to get into heaven long before those who, being buried in the usual manner, will lose so much time in getting up from their recumbent position."—"Peshawur is a fine fortified city, and when we were there was governed by an Italian general in the service of the Maharajah Shere Sing. His name was Avitabili, and he seemed just the sort of person to keep the turbulent and lawless population of Peshawur in order. At every corner of the city was erected a large treble gibbet, each of which had seventeen or eighteen malefactors hanging on it, as a gentle hint to the inhabitants to be on their best behaviour. I believe there was very little ceremony made with them. If a man looked sulky, he was strung up at once, in case he should be disaffected. Murder and robbery took place every day in the streets of the city, until the general used such energetic measures. Even when we were there it was not safe to leave the camp without being well armed. From all I heard, I imagine that Peshawur contains the most villainous population in India, and their governor, whose office it is to keep them in order, has no sinecure. General Avitabili has a fine palace, and he kept open house to all the officers of the British army."

From the anecdotes we copy the following specimens in conclusion:—

"There is a ferocity about the Afghans which they seem to imbibe with their mothers' milk. One of the officers of the 9th regiment related to me an occurrence which took place during the action when they forced the Kyber pass. In storming one of the heights, a colour sergeant was killed, and from some cause or other his body was left where it fell. A soldier of the same corps happening to pass by the spot some time after, saw a Kyberce boy apparently about six years of age, with a large knife, which his puny arm had scarcely sufficient strength to wield, engaged in an attempt to hack off the head of the dead sergeant. The young urchin was so completely absorbed in his savage task, that he heeded not the near approach of the soldier, who coolly took him up on his bayonet, and threw him over the cliff."—"About four hundred yards from the walls of the fort was a small hill, from which the Afghans used frequently to annoy the men on the walls of the fort with their long jezails. One day a party of them were making merry on the top of this eminence. In the midst of them was a piper; and they were amusing themselves by singing and dancing around him, and making gestures of derision to the garrison. Captain Abbot determined to try and spoil their sport, and accordingly had a mor-

* The camel swims very well in Egypt and elsewhere; why it cannot swim in India we have yet to learn.

tar carefully loaded, with which, when he had taken his aim, he let fly. Whiz went the shell high into the air, and then descending, it struck the piper in the centre of the group upon the head, when it burst, and knocked over about twenty of the darcers. It is needless to add, that the Affghans never repeated their efforts on the light fantastic toe at that place again, which is called 'Piper's Mill' to this day.—"There is no weapon like the bayonet in the hand of a British soldier. The Affghans would stand like statues against firing, but the sight of the bristling line of cold steel they could not endure. The bayonet has decided numerous conflicts in all quarters of the globe, and, I doubt not, will decide many more. Among those of the enemy who fell, was a very portly chief. He was astonishingly fat; and a man of my company, who was a butcher, came up to me, and pointing him out, 'Be Jabers, sir,' said my Hibernian friend, smacking his lips with professional gusto, 'I never seen a man in such fine condition in my life. Why sir, he has got my finger deep of fat on his ribs;' and he looked quite longingly at the fellow's carcass."

From the most of these stories we learn that nearly all men engaged in war become butchers of their kind.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—BARÈRE'S MEMOIRS.—[Continued]

From the last Edinburgh Quarterly Review.

And now Barère had become a cruel man. It was from mere pusillanimity that he had perpetrated his first great crimes. But the whole history of our race proves that the taste for the misery of others is a taste which minds not naturally ferocious may too easily acquire, and which, when once acquired, is as strong as any of the propensities with which we are born. A very few months had sufficed to bring this man into a state of mind in which images of despair, wailing, and death, had an exhilarating effect on him, and inspired him as wine and love inspire men of free and joyous natures. The cart-creaking under its daily freight of victims, ancient men, and lads, and fair young girls, the binding of the hands, the thrusting of the head out of the little national sash-window, the crash of the axe, the pool of blood beneath the scaffold, the heads rolling by scores in the panner—these things were to him what Lalage and a cask of Falernian were to Horace, what Rosette and a bottle of iced champagne are to De Béranger. As soon as he began to speak of slaughter, his heart seemed to be enlarged, and his fancy to become unusually fertile of conceits and gasconades. Robespierre, St. Just, and Billaud, whose barbarity was the effect of earnest and gloomy hatred, were, in his view, men who made a toil of a pleasure. Cruelly was no such melancholy business, to be gone about with an austere brow and a whining tone; it was a recreation, fitly accompanied by singing and laughing. In truth, Robespierre and Barère might be well compared to the two renowned hangmen of Louis the Eleventh. They were alike insensible of pity, alike bent on havoc. But, while they murdered, one of them frowned and canted, the other grinned and joked. For our own part, we prefer *Jean qui pleure*, to *Jean qui rit*.

In the midst of the funereal gloom which overhung Paris, a gaiety stranger and more ghastly than the horrors of the prison and the scaffold distinguished the dwelling of Barère. Every morning a crowd of suitors assembled to implore his protection. He came forth in his rich dressing-gown, went round the antechamber, dispensed smiles and promises among the obsequious crowd, addressed himself with peculiar animation to every handsome woman who appeared in the circle, and complimented her in the florid style of Gascony on the bloom of her cheeks and the lustre of her eyes. When he had enjoyed the fear and anxiety of his suppliants he dismissed them, and flung all their memorials unread into the fire. This was the best way, he conceived, to prevent arrears of business from accumulating. Here he was only an imitator. Cardinal Dubois had been in the habit of clearing his table of papers in the same way. Nor was this the only point in which we could point out a resemblance between the worst statesman of the monarchy and the worst statesman of the republic.

Of Barère's peculiar vein of pleasantry a notion may be formed from an anecdote which one of his intimate associates, a juror of the revolutionary tribunal, has related. A courtesan who bore a conspicuous part in the orgies of Clichy, implored Barère to use his power against a head-dress which did not suit her style of face, and which a rival beauty was trying to bring into fashion. One of the magistrates of the capital was summoned, and received the necessary orders. Aristocracy, Barère said, was again rearing its front. These new wigs were counter-revolutionary. He had reason to know that they were made out of the long hair of handsome aristocrats who had died by the national chopper. Every lady who adorned herself with the relics of criminals might justly be suspected of incivism. This ridiculous lie imposed on the authorities of Paris. Female citizens were solemnly warned against the obnoxious ringlets, and were left to choose between their head-dresses and their heads. Barère's delight at the success of this facetious fiction was quite extravagant; he could not tell the story without going into such convulsions of laughter as made his hearers hope that he was about to choke. There was something peculiarly tickling and exhilarating to his mind in this grotesque combination of the frivolous with the horrible, of false locks and curling-irons with spouting arteries and reeking hatchets.

But though Barère succeeded in earning the honourable nicknames of the Witling of Terror, and the Anacreon of the Guillotine, there was one place where it was long remembered to his disadvantage, that he had, for a time, talked the language of humanity and moderation. That place was the Jacobin club. Even after he had borne the chief part in the massacre of the Girondists, in the murder of the Queen, in the destruction of Lyons, he durst not show himself within that sacred precinct. At one meeting of the society, a member complained that the committee to which the supreme direction of affairs was entrusted, after all the changes which had been made, still contained one man who was not trustworthy. Robespierre, whose influence over the Jacobins was boundless, undertook the defence of his colleague, owned that there was some ground for what had been said, but spoke highly of Barère's industry and aptitude for business. This seasonable interposition silenced the accuser; but it was long before the neophyte could venture to appear at the club.

At length a masterpiece of wickedness, unique, we think, even among Barère's great achievements, obtained his full pardon even from that rigid conclave. The insupportable tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety had at length brought the minds of men, and even of women, into a fierce and hard temper, which defied or welcomed death. The life which might be any morning taken away, in consequence of the whisper of a private enemy, seemed of little value. It was something to die after smiting one of the oppressors; it was something to bequeath to the surviving tyrants a terror not inferior to that which they had themselves inspired. Human nature, hunted and worried to the utmost, now turned furiously to bay. Fouquier-Tiville was afraid to walk the streets; a pistol was snapped at Callot D'Herbois; a young girl, ac-

imated apparently by the spirit of Charlotte Corday, attempted to obtain an interview with Robespierre. Suspicions arose; she was searched; and two knives were found about her. She was questioned, and spoke of the Jacobin domination with resolute scorn and aversion. It is unnecessary to say that she was sent to the guillotine. Barère declared from the tribune that the cause of these attempts was evident. Pitt and his guineas had done the whole. The English Government had organized a vast system of murder, had armed the hand of Charlotte Corday, and had now, by similar means, attacked two of the most eminent friends of liberty in France. It is needless to say, that these imputations were not only false, but destitute of all show of truth. Nay, they were demonstrably absurd; for the assassins to whom Barère referred rushed on certain death, a sure proof that they were not hirelings. The whole wealth of England would not have bribed any sane person to do what Charlotte Corday did. But when we consider her as an enthusiast, her conduct is perfectly natural. Even those French writers who are childish enough to believe that the English Government contrived the infernal machine, and strangled the Emperor Paul, have fully acquitted Mr. Pitt of all share in the death of Marat and in the attempt on Robespierre. Yet on calumnies so futile as those which we have mentioned, did Barère ground a motion at which all Christendom stood aghast. He proposed a decree that no quarter should be given to any English or Hanoverian soldier. His Carmagnole was worthy of the proposition with which it concluded. "That one Englishman should be spared, that for the slaves of George, for the human machines of York, the vocabulary of our armies should contain such a word as generosity, this is what the National Convention cannot endure. War to the death against every English soldier. If last year, at Dunkirk, quarter had been refused to them when they asked it on their knees, if our troops had exterminated them all, instead of suffering them to infect our fortresses by their presence, the English Government would not have renewed its attack on our frontiers this year. It is only the dead man who never comes back. What is this moral pestilence which has introduced into our armies false ideas of humanity? That the English were to be treated with indulgence was the philanthropic notion of the Brissotines; it was the patriotic practice of Dumourier. But humanity consists in exterminating our enemies. No mercy to the execrable Englishman. Such are the sentiments of the true Frenchman; for he knows that he belongs to a nation revolutionary as nature, powerful as freedom, ardent as the saltpetre which she has just torn from the entrails of the earth. Soldiers of liberty, when victory places Englishmen at your mercy, strike! None of them must return to the servile soil of Great Britain; none must pollute the free soil of France."

The Convention, thoroughly tamed and silenced, acquiesced in Barère's motion without debate. And now at last the doors of the Jacobin Club were thrown open to the disciple who had surpassed his masters. He was admitted a member by acclamation, and was soon selected to preside.

For a time he was not without hope that his decree would be carried into full effect. Intelligence arrived from the seat of war of a sharp contest between some French and English troops, in which the Republicans had the advantage, and in which no prisoners had been made. Such things happen occasionally in all wars. Barère, however, attributed the ferocity of this combat to his darling decree, and entertained the Convention with another Carmagnole.

"The Republicans," he said, "saw a division in red uniform at a distance. The red-coats are attacked with the bayonet. Not one of them escapes the blows of the Republicans. All the red-coats have been killed. No mercy, no indulgence, has been shown towards the villains. Not an Englishman whom the Republicans could reach is now living. How many prisoners should you guess that we have made? One single prisoner is the result of this great day."

And now this bad man's craving for blood had become insatiable. The more he quaffed, the more he thirsted. He had begun with the English; but soon he came down with a proposition for new massacres. "All the troops," he said, "of the coalesced tyrants in garrison at Conde, Valenciennes, Le Quesnoy, and Landrecies, ought to be put to the sword unless they surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours. The English, of course will be admitted to no capitulation whatever. With the English we have no treaty but death. As to the rest, surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours, or death, these are our conditions. If the slaves resist, let them feel the edge of the sword." And then he waxed facetious. "On these terms the Republic is willing to give them a lesson in the art of war." At that jest, some hearers worthy of such a speaker, set up a laugh. Then he became serious again. "Let the enemy perish," he cried; "I have already said it from this tribune. It is only the dead man who never comes back. Kings will not conspire against us in the grave. Armies will not fight against us when they are annihilated. Let our war with them be a war of extermination. What pity is due to slaves whom the Emperor leads to war under the cane; whom the King of Prussia beats to the shambles with the flat of the sword; and whom the Duke of York makes drunk with rum and gin?" And at the rum and gin the Mountain and the galleries laughed again.

If Barère had been able to effect his purpose, it is difficult to estimate the extent of the calamity which he would have brought on the human race. No government, however averse to cruelty, could, in justice to its own subjects, have given quarter to enemies who gave none. Retaliation would have been, not merely justifiable, but a sacred duty. It would have been necessary for Howe and Nelson to make every French sailor whom they took walk the plank. England has no peculiar reason to dread the introduction of such a system. On the contrary, the operation of Barère's new law of war would have been more unfavourable to his countrymen than to ours; for we believe that, from the beginning to the end of the war, there never was a time at which the number of French prisoners was not greater than the number of English prisoners in France; and so, we apprehend, it will be in all wars while England retains her maritime superiority. Had the murderous decree of the Convention been in force from 1794 to 1815, we are satisfied that, for every Englishman slain by the French, at least three Frenchmen would have been put to the sword by the English. It is, therefore, not as Englishmen, but as members of the great society of mankind, that we speak with indignation and horror of the change which Barère attempted to introduce. The mere slaughter would have been the smallest part of the evil. The butchering of a single unarmed man in cold blood, under an act of the legislature, would have produced more evil than the carnage of ten such fields as Albuera. Public law would have been subverted from the foundations; national enmities would have been inflamed to a degree of rage which happily it is not easy for us to conceive; cordial peace would have been impossible. The moral character of the European nations would have been rapidly and deeply corrupted; for in all countries those men whose calling is to put their lives in jeopardy for the defence of the public weal enjoy high consideration, and are considered as the best arbiters on points of honour and manly bearing. With the standard of morality established in the military profession, the general standard of morality

must to a great extent sink or rise. It is, therefore, a fortunate circumstance, that during a long course of years, respect for the weak, and clemency towards the vanquished, have been considered as qualities not less essential to the accomplished soldier than personal courage. How long would this continue to be the case, if the slaying of prisoners were a part of the daily duty of the warrior? What man of kind and generous nature would, under such a system, willingly bear arms? Who, that was compelled to bear arms, would long continue kind and generous? And is it not certain that, if barbarity towards the helpless became the characteristic of military men, the taint must rapidly spread to civil and to domestic life, and must show itself in all the dealings of the strong with the weak, of husbands with wives, of employers with workmen, of creditors with debtors?

But, thank God, Barère's decree was a mere dead letter. It was to be executed by men very different from those who, in the interior of France, were the instruments of the Committee of Public Safety, who prated at Jacobin Clubs, and ran to Fouquier Tinville with charges of incivism against women whom they could not seduce, and bankers from whom they could not extort money. The warriors who, under Kléber, had made good the defence of the wood of Monceaux, shrank with horror from an office more degrading than that of the hangman. "The Convention," said an officer to his men, "has sent orders that all the English prisoners shall be shot." "We will not shoot them," answered a stout-hearted sergeant. "Send them to the Convention. If the deputies take pleasure in killing a prisoner, they may kill him themselves, and eat him too, like savages as they are." This was the sentiment of the whole army. Bonaparte, who thoroughly understood war, who at Jaffa and elsewhere gave ample proof that he was not unwilling to strain the laws of war to their utmost rigour, and whose hatred of England amounted to a folly, always spoke of Barère's decree with loathing, and boasted that the army had refused to obey the Convention.

Such disobedience on the part of any other class of citizens would have been instantly punished by wholesale massacre; but the Committee of Public Safety was aware that the discipline which had tamed the unwelcome population of the fields and cities might not answer in camps. To fling people by scores out of a boat, and, when they catch hold of it, to chop off their fingers with a hatchet, is undoubtedly a very agreeable pastime for a thorough-bred Jacobin, when the sufferers are, as at Nantes, old confessors, young girls, or women with child. But such sport might prove a little dangerous if tried upon grim ranks of grenadiers, marked with the scars of Hondschoote, and singed by the smoke of Fleurus.

Barère, however, found some consolation. If he could not succeed in murdering the English and the Hanoverians, he was amply indemnified by a new and vast slaughter of his own countrymen and countrywomen. If the defence which has been set up for the members of the Committee of Public Safety had been well founded, if it had been true that they governed with extreme severity only because the republic was in extreme peril, it is clear that the severity would have diminished as the peril diminished. But the fact is, that those cruelties for which the public danger is made a plea, became more and more enormous as the danger became less and less, and reached the full height when there was no longer any danger at all. In the autumn of 1793, there was undoubtedly reason to apprehend that France might be unable to maintain the struggle against the European coalition. The enemy was triumphant on the frontiers. More than half the departments disowned the authority of the Convention. But at that time eight or ten necks a-day were thought an ample allowance for the guillotine of the capital. In the summer of 1794, Bordeaux, Toulon, Caen, Lyons, Marseilles, had submitted to the ascendancy of Paris. The French arms were victorious under the Pyrenees and on the Sambre. Brussels had fallen. Prussia had announced her intention of withdrawing from the contest. The Republic, no longer content with defending her own independence, was beginning to meditate conquest beyond the Alps and the Rhine. She was now more formidable to her neighbours than ever Louis the Fourteenth had been. And now the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was not content with forty, fifty, sixty heads in a morning. It was just after a series of victories which destroyed the whole force of the single argument which has been urged in defence of the system of Terror, that the Committee of Public Safety resolved to infuse into that system an energy hitherto unknown. It was proposed to reconstruct the Revolutionary Tribunal, and to collect in the space of two pages the whole revolutionary jurisprudence. Lists of twelve judges and fifty jurors were made out from among the fiercest Jacobins. The substantive law was simply this, that whatever the tribunal should think pernicious to the republic was a capital crime. The law of evidence was simply this, that whatever satisfied the jurors was sufficient proof. The law of procedure was of a piece with every thing else. There was to be an advocate against the prisoner, and no advocate for him. It was expressly declared that, if the jurors were in any manner convinced of the guilt of the prisoner, they might convict him without hearing a single witness. The only punishment which the court could inflict was death.

Robespierre proposed this decree. When he had read it, a murmur rose from the Convention. The fear which had long restrained the deputies from opposing the Committee was overcome by a stronger fear. Every man felt the knife at his throat. "The decree," said one, "is of grave importance. I move that it be printed, and that the debate be adjourned. If such a measure were adopted without time for consideration, I would blow my brains out at once." The motion for adjournment was seconded. Then Barère sprang up. "It is impossible," he said, "that there can be any difference of opinion among us as to a law like this, a law so favourable in all respects to patriots; a law which inures the speedy punishment of conspirators. If there is to be an adjournment, I must insist that it shall not be for more than three days." The opposition was overawed; the decree was passed; and, during the six weeks which followed, the havoc was such as had never been known before.

And now the evil was beyond endurance. That timid majority which had for a time supported the Girondists, and which had, after their fall, contented itself with registering in silence the decrees of the Committee of Public Safety, at length drew courage from despair. Leaders of bold and firm character were not wanting, men such as Fouché and Tallien, who, having been long conspicuous among the chiefs of the Mountain, now found that their own lives, or lives still dearer to them than their own, were in extreme peril. Nor could it be longer kept secret that there was a seism in the despotic committee. On one side were Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon; on the other, Collot, and Billaud. Barère leaned towards these last, but only leaned towards them. As was ever his fashion when a great crisis was at hand, he fawned alternately on both parties, struck alternately at both, and held himself in readiness to chant the praises or to sign the death-warrant of either. In any event his Carmagnole was ready. The tree of liberty, the blood of traitors, the dagger of Brutus, the guineas of perfidious Albion, would do equally well for Billaud and for Robespierre.

The first attack which was made on Robespierre was indirect. An old woman named Catharine Théot, half maniac, half impostor, was protected by him, and exercised a strange influence over his mind; for he was naturally prone to superstition, and, having abjured the faith in which he had been brought up, was looking about for something to believe. Barère drew up a report against Catharine, which contained many factious conceits, and ended, as might be expected, with a motion for sending her and some other wretched creatures of both sexes to the Revolutionary Tribunal, or, in other words, to death. This report, however, he did not dare to read to the Convention himself. Another member, less timid, was induced to father the cruel buffoonery; and the real author enjoyed in security the dismay and vexation of Robespierre.

Barère now thought that he had done enough on one side, and that it was time to make his peace with the other. On the seventh of Thermidor, he pronounced in the Convention a panegyric on Robespierre. "That representative of the people," he said, enjoys a reputation for patriotism, earned by five years of exertion, and by unalterable fidelity to the principles of independence and liberty." On the eighth of Thermidor, it became clear that a decisive struggle was at hand. Robespierre struck the first blow. He mounted the tribune, and uttered a long invective on his opponents. It was moved that his discourse should be printed; and Barère spoke for the printing. The sense of the Convention soon appeared to be the other way; and Barère apologised for his former speech, and implored his colleagues to abstain from disputes, which could be agreeable only to Pitt and York. On the next day, the ever-memorable ninth of Thermidor, came the real tug of war. Tallien, bravely taking his life in his hand, led the onset. Billaud followed; and then all that infinite hatred which had long been kept down by terror burst forth, and swept every barrier before it. When at length the voice of Robespierre, drowned by the president's bell, and by shouts of "Down with the tyrant!" had died away in hoarse gasping, Barère arose. He began with timid and doubtful phrases, watched the effect of every word he uttered, and, when the feeling of the Assembly had been unequivocally manifested, declared against Robespierre. But it was not till the people out of doors, and especially the gunners of Paris, had espoused the cause of the Convention, that Barère felt quite at ease. Then he sprang to the tribune, poured forth a Carmagnole about Pisistratus and Cataline, and concluded by moving the heads of Robespierre and Robespierre's accomplices should be cut off without a trial. The motion was carried. On the following morning the vanquished members of the Committee of Public Safety and their principal adherents suffered death. It was exactly one year since Barère had commenced his career of slaughter, by moving the proscription of his old allies the Girondists. We greatly doubt whether any human being has ever succeeded in packing more wickedness into the space of three hundred and sixty-five days.

The ninth of Thermidor is one of the great epochs in the history of Europe. It is true that the three members of the Committee of Public Safety who triumphed, were by no means better men than the three who fell. Indeed, we are inclined to think that of these six statesmen the least bad were Robespierre and Saint Just, whose cruelty was the effect of sincere fanaticism operating on narrow understandings and acrimonious tempers. The worst of the six was, beyond all doubt, Barère, who had no faith in any part of the system which he upheld by persecution; who, while he sent his fellow-creatures to death for being the third cousins of royalists, had not in the least made up his mind that a republic was better than a monarchy; who, while he slew his old friends for federalism, was himself far more a federalist than any of them; who had become a murderer merely for his safety, and who continued to be a murderer merely for his pleasure.

The tendency of the vulgar is to embody every thing. Some individual is selected, and often selected very injudiciously, as the representative of every great movement of the public mind, of every great revolution in human affairs; and on this individual are concentrated all the love and all the hatred, all the admiration and all the contempt, which he ought rightfully to share with a whole party, a whole sect, a whole nation, a whole generation. Perhaps no human being has suffered so much from this propensity of the multitude as Robespierre. He is regarded not merely as what he was, an envious, malevolent zealot; but as the incarnation of Terror, as Jacobinism personified. The truth is, that it was not by him that the system of terror was carried to the last extreme. The most horrible days in the history of the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, were those which immediately preceded the ninth of Thermidor. Robespierre had then ceased to attend the meetings of the sovereign Committee; and the direction of affairs was really in the hands of Billaud, of Collot, and of Barère.

It had never occurred to those three tyrants, that in overthrowing Robespierre, they were overthrowing that system of Terror to which they were more attached than he had ever been. Their object was to go on slaying even more mercilessly than before. But they had misunderstood the nature of the great crisis which had at last arrived. The yoke of the Committee was broken for ever. The Convention had regained its liberty, had tried its strength, had vanquished and punished its enemies. A great reaction had commenced. Twenty-four hours after Robespierre had ceased to live, it was moved and carried, amidst loud bursts of applause, that the sittings of the Revolutionary Tribunal should be suspended. Billaud was not at that moment present. He entered the hall soon after, learned with indignation what had passed, and moved that the vote should be rescinded. But loud cries of "No, no!" rose from those benches which had lately paid mute obedience to his commands. Barère came forward on the same day, and adjured the Convention not to relax the system of terror. "Beware, above all things," he cried, "of that fatal moderation which talks of peace and of clemency. Let aristocracy know, that here she will find only enemies sternly bent on vengeance, and judges who have no pity." But the day of the Carmagnoles was over; the restraint of fear had been relaxed; and the hatred with which the nation regarded the Jacobin dominion broke forth with ungovernable violence. Not more strongly did the tide of public opinion run against the old monarchy and aristocracy, at the time of the taking of the Bastille, than it now ran against the tyranny of the Mountain. From every dungeon the prisoners came forth, as they had gone in, by hundreds. The decree which forbade the soldiers of the republic to give quarter to the English, was repealed by an unanimous vote, amidst loud acclamations; nor, passed as it was, disobeyed as it was, and rescinded as it was, can it be with justice considered as a blemish on the fame of the French nation. The Jacobin Club was refractory. It was suppressed without resistance. The surviving Girondist deputies, who had concealed themselves from the vengeance of their enemies in caverns and garrets, were re-admitted to their seats in the Convention. No day passed without some signal reparation of injustice; no street in Paris was without some traces of the recent change. In the theatre, the bust of Marat was pulled down from its pedestal and broken in pieces, amidst the applause of the audience. His carcass was ejected from the Pan-

theon. The celebrated picture of his death, which had hung in the hall of the Convention, was removed. The savage inscriptions with which the walls of the city had been covered disappeared; and in place of death and terror, humanity, the watchword of the new rulers, was every where to be seen. In the mean time, the gay spirit of France, recently subdued by oppression, and now elated by the joy of a great deliverance, wanted in a thousand forms. Art, taste, luxury, revived. Female beauty regained its empire—an empire strengthened by the remembrance of all the tender and all the sublime virtues which women, debately bred and reputed frivolous, had displayed during the evil days. Refined manners, chivalrous sentiments, followed in the train of love. The dawn of the Arctic summer day after the Arctic winter night, the great unsealing of the waters, the awakening of animal and vegetable life, the sudden softening of the air, the sudden blooming of the flowers, the sudden bursting of whole forests into verdure, is but a feeble type of that happiest and most genial of revolutions, the revolution of the ninth of Thermidor.

But, in the midst of the revival of all kind and generous sentiments, there was one portion of the community against which mercy itself seemed to cry out for vengeance. The chiefs of the late government and their tools were now named but as the men of blood, the drinkers of blood, the cannibals. In some parts of France, where the creatures of the Mountain had acted with peculiar barbarity, the populace took the law into its own hands, and meted out justice to the Jacobins with the true Jacobin measure; but at Paris the punishments were inflicted with order and decency; and were few when compared with the number, and lenient when compared with the enormity, of the crimes. Soon after the ninth of Thermidor, two of the vilest of mankind, Fouquier Tinville, whom Barere had placed at the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Lebon, whom Barere had defended in the Convention, were placed under arrest. A third miscreant soon shared their fate, Carrier, the tyrant of Nantes. The trials of these men brought to light horrors surpassing anything that Suetonius and Lampridius have related of the worst Caesars. But it was impossible to punish subordinate agents who, bad as they were, had only acted in accordance with the spirit of the government which they served, and, at the same time, to grant impunity to the heads of the wicked administration. A cry was raised, both within and without the Convention, for justice on Collot, Billaud, and Barere.

Collot and Billaud, with all their vices, appear to have been men of resolute natures. They made no submission; but opposed to the hatred of mankind, at first a fierce resistance, and afterwards a dogged and sullen endurance. Barere, on the other hand, as soon as he began to understand the real nature of the revolution of Thermidor, attempted to abandon the Mountain, and to obtain admission among his old friends of the moderate party. He declared every where that he had never been in favour of severe measures; that he was a Girondist; that he had always condemned and lamented the manner in which the Brissotine deputies had been treated. He now preached mercy from that tribune from which he had recently preached extermination. "The time," he said, "has come at which our clemency may be indulged without danger. We may now safely consider temporary imprisonment as an adequate punishment for political misdemeanours." It was only a fortnight since, from the same place, he had declaimed against the moderation which dared even to talk of clemency; it was only a fortnight since he had ceased to send men and women to the guillotine of Paris, at the rate of three hundred a-week. He now wished to make his peace with the moderate party at the expense of the Terrorists, as he had, a year before, made his peace with the Terrorists at the expense of the moderate party. But he was disappointed. He had left himself no retreat. His face, his voice, his rants, his jokes, had become hateful to the Convention. When he spoke he was interrupted by murmurs. Bitter reflections were daily cast on his cowardice and perfidy. On one occasion Carnot rose to give an account of a victory, and so far forgot the gravity of his character, as to indulge in the sort of oratory which Barere had affected on similar occasions. He was interrupted by cries of "No more Carnot!" "No more of Barere's puns!"

At length, five months after the revolution of Thermidor, the Convention resolved that a committee of twenty-one members should be appointed to examine into the conduct of Billaud, Collot, and Barere. In some weeks the report was made. From that report we learn that a paper had been discovered, signed by Barere, and containing a proposition for adding the last improvement to the system of terror. France was to be divided into circuits; itinerant revolutionary tribunals, composed of trusty Jacobins, were to move from department to department; and the guillotine was to travel in their train.

Barere, in his defence, insisted that no speech or motion which he had made in the Convention could, without a violation of the freedom of debate, be treated as a crime. He was asked how he could resort to such a mode of defence, after putting to death so many deputies on account of opinions expressed in the Convention. He had nothing to say, but that it was much to be regretted that the sound principle had ever been violated.

He arrogated to himself a large share of the merit of the revolution of Thermidor. The men who had risked their lives to effect that revolution, and who knew that, if they had failed, Barere would, in all probability, have moved the decree for beheading them without a trial, and have drawn up a proclamation announcing their guilt and their punishment to all France, were by no means disposed to acquiesce in his claims. He was reminded that, only forty-eight hours before the decisive conflict, he had, in the tribune, been profuse of adulation to Robespierre. His answer to this reproach is worthy of himself. "It was necessary," he said, "to dissemble. It was necessary to flatter Robespierre's vanity, and, by panegyric, to impel him to the attack. This was the motive which induced me to load him with those praises of which you complain. Who ever blamed Brutus for dissembling with Tarquin?"

The accused triumvirs had only one chance of escaping punishment. There was severe distress at that moment among the working people of the capital. This distress the Jacobins attributed to the re-action of Thermidor, to the lenity with which the aristocrats were now treated, and to the measures which had been adopted against the chiefs of the late administration. Nothing is too absurd to be believed by a populace which has not breakfasted, and which does not know how it is to dine. The rabble of the Faubourg St. Antoine rose, menaced the deputies, and demanded with loud cries the liberation of the persecuted patriots. But the Convention was no longer such as it had been, when similar means were employed too successfully against the Girondists. Its spirit was roused. Its strength had been proved. Military means were at its command. The tumult was suppressed, and it was decreed that same evening that Collot, Billaud, and Barere should instantly be removed to a distant place of confinement.

The next day the order of the Convention was executed. The account which Barere has given of his journey is the most interesting and the most trustworthy part of these Memoirs. There is no witness so infamous that a

court of justice will not take his word against himself; and even Barere may be believed when he tells us how much he was hated and despised.

The carriage in which he was to travel passed, surrounded by armed men, along the street of St. Honoré. A crowd soon gathered round it, and increased every moment. On the long flight of steps before the church of St. Roch stood rows of eager spectators. It was with difficulty that the coach could make its way through those who hung upon it, hooting, cursing, and striving to burst the doors. Barere thought his life in danger, and was conducted at his own request to a public office, where he hoped that he might find shelter till the crowd should disperse. In the mean time, another discussion on his fate took place in the Convention. It was proposed to deal with him as he had dealt with better men, to put him out of the pale of the law, and to deliver him at once without any trial to the headman. But the humanity which, since the ninth of Thermidor, had generally directed the public councils, restrained the deputies from taking this course.

It was now night; and the streets gradually became quiet. The clock struck twelve; and Barere, under a strong guard, again set forth on his journey. He was conducted over the river to the place where the Orleans road branches off from the southern boulevard. Two travelling carriages stood there. In one of them was Billaud, attended by two officers; in the other, two more officers were waiting to receive Barere. Collot was already on the road.

At Orleans, a city which had suffered cruelly from the Jacobin tyranny, the three deputies were surrounded by a mob bent on tearing them to pieces. All the national guards of the neighbourhood were assembled; and this force was not greater than the emergency required; for the multitude pursued the carriages far on the road to Blois.

At Amboise the prisoners learned that Tours was ready to receive them. The stately bridge was occupied by a throng of people, who swore that the men under whose rule the Loire had been clogged with corpses, should have full personal experience of the nature of a *noyade*. In consequence of this news, the officers who had charge of the criminals made such arrangements that the carriages reached Tours at two in the morning, and drove straight to the post-house. Fresh horses were instantly ordered, and the travellers started again at full gallop. They had in truth not a moment to lose; for the alarm had been given; lights were seen in motion; and the yells of a great multitude, disappointed of its revenge, mingled with the sound of the departing wheels.

At Poitiers there was another narrow escape. As the prisoners quitted the post-house, they saw the whole population pouring in fury down the steep declivity on which the city is built. They passed near Niort, but could not venture to enter it. The inhabitants came forth with threatening aspect, and vehemently cried to the postillions to stop; but the postillions urged the horses to full speed, and soon left the town behind. Through such dangers the men of blood were brought in safety to Rochelle.

Oléron was the place of their destination, a dreary island beaten by the raging waves of the Bay of Biscay. The prisoners were confined in the castle; each had a single chamber, at the door of which a guard was placed; and each was allowed the ration of a single soldier. They were not allowed to communicate either with the garrison or with the population of the island; and soon after their arrival they were denied the indulgence of walking on the ramparts. The only place where they were suffered to take exercise was the esplanade where the troops were drilled.

They had not been long in this situation when news came that the Jacobins of Paris had made a last attempt to regain ascendancy in the state, that the hall of the Convention had been forced by a furious crowd, that one of the deputies had been murdered and his head fixed on a pike, that the life of the President had been for a time in imminent danger, and that some members of the legislature had not been ashamed to join the rioters. But troops had arrived in time to prevent a massacre. The insurgents had been put to flight; the inhabitants of the disaffected quarters of the capital had been disarmed; the guilty deputies had suffered the just punishment of their treason; and the power of the Mountain was broken for ever. These events strengthened the aversion with which the system of Terror and the authors of that system were regarded. One member of the Convention had moved, that the three prisoners of Oléron should be put to death; another, that they should be brought back to Paris, and tried by a council of war. These propositions were rejected. But something was conceded to the party which called for severity. A vessel which had been fitted out with great expedition at Rochefort touched at Oléron, and it was announced to Collot and Billaud that they must instantly go on board. They were forthwith conveyed to Guiana, where Collot soon drank himself to death with brandy. Billaud lived many years, shunning his fellow-creatures and shunned by them; and diverted his lonely hours by teaching parrots to talk. Why a distinction was made between Barere and his companions in guilt, neither he nor any other writer, as far as we know, has explained. It does not appear that the distinction was meant to be at all in his favour; for orders soon arrived from Paris, that he should be brought to trial for his crimes before the criminal court of the department of the Upper Charente. He was accordingly brought back to the continent, and confined during some months at Sautes, in an old convent which had lately been turned into a jail.

While he lingered here, the re-action which had followed the great crisis of Thermidor met with a temporary check. The friends of the house of Bourbon, presuming on the indulgence with which they had been treated after the fall of Robespierre, not only ventured to avow their opinions with little disguise, but at length took arms against the Convention, and were not put down till much blood had been shed in the streets of Paris. The vigilance of the public authorities was therefore now directed chiefly against the Royalists, and the rigour with which the Jacobins had lately been treated was somewhat relaxed. The Convention, indeed, again resolved that Barere should be sent to Guiana. But this decree was not carried into effect. The prisoner, probably with the connivance of some powerful persons, made his escape from Sautes and fled to Bordeaux, where he remained in concealment during some years. There seems to have been a kind of understanding between him and the government, that, as long as he hid himself, he should not be found, but that, if he obtruded himself on the public eye, he must take the consequences of his rashness.

While the constitution of 1795, with its Executive Directory, its Council of Elders, and its Council of Five Hundred, was in operation, he continued to live under the ban of the law. It was in vain that he solicited, even at moments when the politics of the Mountain seemed to be again in the ascendant, a remission of the sentence pronounced by the Convention. Even his fellow-regicides, even the authors of the slaughter of Vendémiaire and of the arrests of Fructidor, were ashamed of him.

About eighteen months after his escape from prison, his name was again

brought before the world. In his own province he still retained some of his early popularity. He had, indeed, never been in that province since the downfall of the monarchy. The mountaineers of Gascony were far removed from the seat of government, and were but imperfectly informed of what passed there. They knew that their countryman had played an important part, and that he had on some occasions promoted their local interests; and they stood by him in his adversity and in his disgrace, with a constancy which presents a singular contrast to his own abject fickleness. All France was amazed to learn, that the department of the Upper Pyrenees had chosen the proscribed tyrant a member of the Council of Five Hundred. The council which, like our House of Commons, was the judge of the election of its own members, refused to admit him. When his name was read from the roll, a cry of indignation rose from the benches. "Which of you," exclaimed one of the members, "would sit by the side of such a monster?"—"Not I, not I!" answered a crowd of voices. One deputy declared, that he would vacate his seat if the hall were polluted by the presence of such a wretch. The election was declared null, on the ground that the person elected was a criminal skulking from justice; and many severe reflections were thrown on the lenity which suffered him to be still at large.

He tried to make his peace with the Directory, by writing a bulky libel on England, entitled, *The Liberty of the Seas*. He seems to have confidently expected that this work would produce a great effect. He printed three thousand copies, and, in order to defray the expense of publication, sold one of his farms for the sum of ten thousand francs. The book came out; but nobody bought it, in consequence, if Barere is to be believed, of the villany of Mr. Pitt, who bribed the Directory to order the Reviewers not to notice so formidable an attack on the maritime greatness of perfidious Albion.

Barere had been absent about three years at Bordeaux when he received intelligence that the mob of the town designed him the honour of a visit on the ninth of Thermidor, and would probably administer to him what he had, in his defence of his friend Lebon, described as substantial justice under forms a little harsh. It was necessary for him to disguise himself in clothes such as were worn by the carpenters of the dock. In this garb, with a bundle of wood shavings under his arm, he made his escape into the vineyards which surround the city, lurked during some days in a peasant's hut, and, when the dreaded anniversary was over, stole back into the city. A few months later he was again in danger. He now thought that he should be nowhere so safe as in the neighbourhood of Paris. He quitted Bordeaux, hastened undetected through those towns where four years before his life had been in extreme danger, passed through the capital in the morning twilight, when none were in the streets except shop-boys taking down the shutters, and arrived safe at the pleasant village of St. Ouen on the Seine. Here he remained in seclusion during some months. In the mean time Bonaparte returned from Egypt, placed himself at the head of a coalition of discontented parties, covered his designs with the authority of the Elders, drove the Five Hundred out of their hall at the point of the bayonet, and became absolute monarch of France under the name of First Consul.

Barere assures us that these events almost broke his heart; that he could not bear to see France again subject to a master; and that, if the representatives had been worthy of that honourable name, they would have arrested the ambitious general who insulted them. These feelings, however, did not prevent him from soliciting the protection of the new government, and from sending to the First Consul a handsome copy of the *Essay on the liberty of the Seas*.—[To be continued.]

THE ENGLISH MATE AND THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

BY A GAOL CHAPLAIN.

"What availeth complaint from the friendless? It excites no attention, awakens no sympathy!" was poor Sheridan's remark, a few hours before his death. It is a brief but bitter indictment against the powerful; and mightily was I tempted to re-echo it, on receiving, ten minutes after my interview with Mr. Trounce, a further repulse from another acting magistrate.

"I decline all interference," was his prompt comment on my narrative. "I cordially approve of solitary confinement as a punishment, and am confident that this man—Lyppiat do you call him?—will be the better for its infliction during the rest of his life."

"And my persuasion is equally strong—pardon my frankness—that he will be infinitely the worse. It will not contribute in any degree to the reformation of his refractory and rebellious propensities."

"Why?"

"Because imprisonment in a dark solitary cell—the change from solitude in light, in which a man may work, and, to a certain extent, amuse himself, to solitude in darkness, where he can do neither the one nor the other—is viewed by the sufferer as an unjust aggravation of that amount of misery and torture to which he is bound, as a prisoner, to submit. It will serve but to harden and strengthen him in his wickedness."

"Defective reasoning! anything but that of a philosopher!" said my companion. "No profound thinker would thus argue!" And he turned away with a sneer.

"It is well," was my rejoinder, "if I act as a man;" and I instantly resolved to search out the surgeon. He readily agreed to accompany me to the refractory cell. It was below the ground, and reached by a flight of steps from the main passage of the prison; damp, without light or ventilation, and piercingly cold.

"This will never do," whispered the doctor, after he had attentively regarded the prisoner's appearance, felt his pulse, and weighed the answers returned to his questions. "He must have an hour's exercise in the yard forthwith; in fact, the man's system is sinking under his punishment; that must be suspended for the present." Tell him this while I go and see the keeper, and, if he is obstinate, tender to him a formal written certificate. I am glad I accompanied you. The visit is most opportune; for another night of solitary confinement, and the morning would have found this fellow a maniac."

The gratitude of Lyppiat may be readily imagined, and the terms in which that gratitude was expressed interested even that matter-of-fact person the surgeon.

"That's no common seaman," said he, when we saw him together the next morning. "No 'fo'castle Jack' could turn out his sentences 'taut' and square in that fashion."

"He is no common seaman," was my reply, "but the master, and, I believe, owner of a vessel, which has had contraband goods on board, and which the revenue officers have seized, he declares, unjustly. It is a perplexed and intricate history; and I have never cared to inquire into it, because I under-

stood some actress of questionable character to be mixed up with the disclosure. He is ruined, poor fellow."

"To a certainty, if he has trusted a petticoat with his secrets."

The doctor was a bachelor, the world said a "disappointed" one. With him it was evidently *post meridiem*, and its surest sign the readiness with which he snarled at the sex.

"Ruined by an actress! eh? Well, his predicament is not singular. He's not the only man who can date his overthrow from so attractive an associate. Harkee, my man, have you no friends, no relatives, none that can intercede for you with Government, and procure the release of your vessel?"

"I think I possess some claim," replied he moodily, "upon the favourable consideration of Government. I ought to have. Services rendered to royalty are generally remembered. Another would make much of them; but in my case 'tis hopeless. Disaster tracks me like a shadow."

"Tut! man," cried the surgeon cheerily, "'tis always darkest just before break of day. But as to services, of what description may yours have been, either to state or sovereign?"

"When the Duke of Kent held the command at Gibraltar, my father, then a young man, perilled his life for him. You have heard, perhaps, the story? The Duke, misled by bad advisers, shut up the wine-shops, and the consequence was a mutiny, or something very near akin to it, among the soldiery. Matters for some hours wore an awkward appearance, and at length the Duke was counselled to reconsider his order, and finally to cancel it."

"He was the *escape-gent*," said the doctor, aside to me. "His royal father never forgave him the blunder he had committed in issuing the order, and the minister of the day never digested the concession he had made to insubordinate spirits in canceling it. In all respects the results were melancholy. As to the Duke, they threw a shade, unjustly enough, over his military career to his dying hour.—Well, my man, what followed?"

"Four days afterwards, when the hubbub had ceased, and the affair was apparently forgotten, the Duke was recognised in a steep narrow street, leading up to the ramparts. It was a bad part of the town, chiefly inhabited by Jew-salesmen and vintners of the lowest class. As ill luck would have it, the Prince was on foot, and unattended. He was mobbed; threats were uttered; stones were thrown. There was an evident intention to injure him. My father was bargaining with a ship's chandler for some slops wanted on board the 'Maid of Devon,' when he heard a strange outcry, groans, hisses, and oaths shouted in every language under heaven. Turning round, in the centre of a crowd, he espied the Prince, and quick as thought understood his dilemma. One moment, and he stood by his side; the next he felled an ill-looking blackguard, who had approached his Royal Highness nearer than my father judged polite or necessary, warded off a sharp missile from another quarter, and, in doing so, received a hurt, the scar of which he carried with him to his coffin. That stone was aimed at the Duke, and had it hit him fairly, the probabilities are, there would have been no Princess Victoria. The guard soon came up, and at the first sound of their measured tramp the assailants slunk away. My father was thanked, his name, and that of his ship, were asked; and a young officer, called Wetherell,—I believe he rose the ladder of promotion so high as to become a general,—told my father that neither his name nor his assistance would be forgotten. But nothing came of it."

"Have you now, since you have been in trouble, represented these facts in the proper quarter?"

"I have, but vainly; no notice was taken of my application. I wanted backers. They are indispensable in England. My mate succeeded better at Odessa."

"At Odessa! How so?"

"We traded there, and my first mate, Bob Chivens, got into great trouble. He was beset, robbed, and in fact cursedly ill used. Not that I mean to say he was quite and altogether free from blame himself; but surely some little allowance should be made for the freaks of 'Jack Tar?' However, he was plundered, beaten, and left almost for dead. Some eight days afterwards, when he could stand upon his legs, and tell his own story, Chivens, and I went to the British Consul,—the acting Consul, I think they called him, not that we found him such,—and begged he would get us redress."

"It's impossible. You should have kept sober, and this would not have happened."

"But I'm your countryman," cried Bob. "Words cost nothing; at any rate, tell us what to do; put us, any how, in the wake of these pirates."

"I've other matters on hand. I don't sit here to settle the disputes of drunken sailors."

"What, then," said Chivens, "am I to be regularly cleared out, robbed of every farthing of my wages, left penniless among foreigners, and make no effort to better myself?"

"Go to sea, and earn more."

"Pointed and pleasant!—rather a contrast to the words and deeds of our Cadiz consul, Mr. Brackenburgh, with whom even a refusal is clothed in terms of kindness. But the acting Odessa gentleman is dead and gone, and so peace to his memory! As we were leaving his office, a keen-looking, sharp-eyed old man, who had listened most attentively to Chivens's story, came up behind us, and, plucking him by the sleeve, whispered, in a low, cautious tone,

"Don't be discouraged; our Father will grant you redress; appeal to him."

"What! aloft, you mean?" said my mate, quite at a loss to comprehend his new friend's meaning.

"No, no;—step aside—this is not a matter for the public street. Hush!—not a word—this way."

"He passed into a little garden, of which there are many at Odessa, and closing the door, said, in a low, suppressed voice, as if anxious that no syllable of what he was saying should reach other ears than our own,

"I am English-born, as you will at once believe; but I have lived so long at Odessa that I am almost a Russ, and am so accustomed to his authority, that I speak of him as if I were one of his native subjects. They, when referring to the Czar,—his voice, as he uttered this word fell lower still,—always call him our FATHER."

"He means the chief skipper, Bob," said I to Chivens, who could not catch one word in ten which the old man used,—the chief skipper—ay, ay! He is to them what our Sailor-King at home is to us."

"Just so," said the old man; "state your case in writing. This is my advice; take it, and you'll not repent it."

"But how! The devil a word of Russ do we understand."

"Then draw up your grievance in French."

"French! God forbid that we should say our say in Mounser's language either! No, no; that will never do."

"Then write your letter in English."

"And who will deliver it?"

"Who? send it by post; address it to Tsarskoe-Zelo. It will not miscarry and it will be read."

"Burnt, I should say," cried Chivens.

"No: *read*," repeated the old man earnestly, "read, I say, and *NEEDN'T* My counsel is good; try it."

"He opened the door, placed us beyond it, again locked himself up in his little sandy garden; and who and what he was we could never learn. His counsel, however, we adopted. A statement was forwarded, clumsily written, and not cleverly worded, Chivens declaring throughout that it was time and labour thrown away."

"We neither of us then understood the unflinching activity and unswerving justice of Him to whom we appealed. Eleven days elapsed, and we judged our case hopeless, when on the following day, the twelfth, orders came down which changed the entire aspect of affairs. A rigid and searching inquiry was instituted. A summary of the whole affair was sent back to Tsarskoe-Zelo. One fellow got a taste of the knot, and Chivens, within a shilling or two, the whole of his money. Now," concluded Lyppatt, "people prate about civilized and uncivilized people, about this sort of government and that sort of government; but commend me, say I, to that ruler, and that mode of ruling, where a poor man gets ready justice, and where his complaints can reach the FOUNTAIN-HEAD. *Health and long life to the Emperor Nicholas!* the sovereign to whom the humblest in his dominions can confidently appeal! Oft have I told the tale, and drank his health on the deck of 'The Fair Maid of Devon.' Those were happy days. Will they ever return?"

MARIANNE ESTERLING.

FROM "REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT."

[Continued.]

At the time when this occurred Basil had been about a year and a half resident with Mrs. Esterling. Marianne and he were now on terms of playful intimacy. At this state they had arrived by gradual progression, their approaches toward it being at first vague and scarcely perceptible, but their coldness and distance diminishing, and their familiarity increasing "according to the square of the time," as he mathematically expressed it.

For the first month or so his heart was so oppressed with the death of his father, and absence from all those scenes that had been dear to him, that he was little disposed to give more than an uninterested glance at the graceful and lively girl he saw moving about the house and garden, and who often met him in his walks about the park. After a time he began to regard her but as a beautiful object of taste, and was wont to sketch her off with his pencil when the whim seized him, as he would a pretty flower or a picturesque scene. By and by, as he saw traits of her lively and affectionate disposition, his feelings with regard to her began to lose the qualities of mere cold admiration, though still he could have left the house and her without a regret, nor did one thought of her interrupt his studies, unless when her form met his eye, or the music of her voice reached his ear.

For her mother he had always great esteem. She was a quiet, staid, elderly woman, yet her activity, and a something in the lines of her countenance, seemed to plead that sorrow more than time had contributed to induce upon her the marks of age. A strict justice and liberality in all her dealings with him, together with unvarying and unobtrusive kindness, were the first things that drew his regard, while his interest was excited by the subdued, patient, unsmiling peculiarities of her demeanour. To the casual observer she seemed like one afflicted with some slow, continually painful ailment, and bearing it with resignation, seeking no neither sympathy nor relief; another might have judged that something lay heavy on her mind, or that she suffered from melancholy as a disease. His impression was that this took its rise from excited religious notions; an opinion, however, which more intimate acquaintance led him to think incompatible with the calm, unaffected piety, the mildness, the strict morality, the charity, in every sense of that word of many meanings, which she constantly displayed. Moreover, she had from the first had a perfect view of his character, and humoured his eccentricities, and watched over his welfare with a sort of maternal solicitude that was more than gratifying to him. She was of the same persuasion in religion as himself, and a frequent visitor at the house in discharge of devotional duties, was the pastor of the parish, a gentleman who had been well known to his father, and had once staid with him for some weeks, and assisted to perform divine service at his chapel.

The Rev. Dr. — then was the only individual in the city with whom Basil had any acquaintance. With him he sometimes passed an evening, and in this way was introduced to his sister, who kept house for him, a good looking intelligent lady, in conversation with whom he took some pleasure. She possessed the art, (a somewhat difficult one) of setting the student entirely at his ease, when the accumulated treasures of his wayward mind gushed forth in a flow of natural eloquence that amply rewarded her tact.

One morning, when he had concluded a religious visit (occasions at which Basil considered it a duty to be always present, along with his landlady and her daughter), on taking his leave he invited the young people to come to tea with him that evening. He was not aware that up to that time these young people, whom he regarded as little more than children, had scarcely exchanged a word. As for dreaming of any likelihood of affection between them it certainly never gave him a moment's thought, his ideas generally running on very different things. He merely desired to let his sister become acquainted with a youthful member of his congregation so pretty and good as Miss Esterling, and thought Basil a suitable companion to her by the way.

It was with a great effort of moral courage indeed that the latter undertook the office, and though when he felt the light arm of the shy but gleeful girl pressed through his, and touching his side, a feeling of novelty and pleasure mingled with his embarrassment, yet as he walked along he was altogether at a loss how or on what topics to address her. Of the nonsense—the spoken silliness, garnished with smiles, and interspersed with little flatteries, wherewith fine gentlemen entertain the fair sex (often to the great delight of the latter, at least in appearance), and which approaches nearer to the language mutually understood by babies and nursery-maids, than to any other discourse we wot of, he was as ignorant as he despised it, and those accomplished in its idioms. Consequently, for the greater part of their walk, scarcely a word was interchanged between them. At length happening to pass a print-seller's window, a large plate of one of Martin's paintings arrested their movements. In a moment he was fixed, and stood absorbed, till recollecting himself, and turning his head, he saw her gazing at the picture, with her finger on her underlip, and her eyes beaming a delighted wonder. His tongue was loosened, and drawing her attention to different points of the subject, he descanted enthusiastically on their merits. In a low murmuring voice, whilst yet her eyes were fixed upon it, she replied, in acquiescence, expressing her admiration of the

multitudinous crowds, the stupendous buildings heaped pile upon pile, and stretching, through most correct perspective, far into the distance, the graceful and striking figures in the foreground, and the strange air of grandeur, antiquity, and mystery, that pervaded the whole composition.

As they walked on this formed the topic of an animated discourse, and he was gratified to find her possessed of a very fine natural taste, along with an earnest and sensible way of expressing the just opinions she appeared to form. In the course of that evening the conversation at the gentleman's table chanced to turn upon literary subjects, especially the Waverley novels. As it ran on, Basil was led to remark very strongly on what he called the incorrect and most ungenerous picture presented by their author of the founders of his country's religion—representing them as bloodthirsty ruffians, canting, ambitious knaves, raving fanatics, and empty-headed coxcombs, and depicting their inveterate persecutor, one of the most cold-blooded and unprincipled partisans that ever was cast up by the ferment of a civil war, as a mirror of honour and refinement—holding up a man, whose memory had never hitherto been alluded to by his countrymen but with execration, as a very paragon of chivalry.

"Would it not have been right," continued he, "considering the thing but in the light of a matter of taste, for a man who had (with what motives I presume not to judge) abjured the principles taught him by honest and worthy parents, to have at least maintained a decent silence with regard to them, and not, renegade-like, turned round, and with the weapon of anonymous fiction misrepresented and mocked his father's faith, and those whose blood, shed like water, made it the established religion of his native land?"

The reader will here observe that we are stating at present our hero's opinions, and not our own—the better to prevent any misconception with regard to which, we shall detail no farther the bitter tirade he indulged in—getting more earnest and excited as he proceeded.

It would have been amusing to watch Marianne's face as he spoke. Now she hung on his words with a look of admiration and delight, as if she listened to some superior being—then with an expression of sorrow, of envy, almost of hatred, did she regard the clergyman's worthy sister, to whom all his conversation was directed, and to whom he seemed to pay so much respect and regard. At last even a tear stole gently into her eye, but it was unperceived by any but herself. She learnt then that a fine person, fine clothing, and a ready address, were not all the charms a man might possess to be loved withal, and wondered that a youth, who had erewhile seemed so awkward and unwinning, should so suddenly change into one so gifted and so lovable.

As they returned home that evening, they found the gate into their street obstructed by a crowd, and that consequently they would require to go round by the park. They went, and if they did prolong their walk down one of the moonlit glades, the night was certainly very beautiful, and the air was so fresh and pure after the closeness of the town.

After that they met each other frequently in the garden and about the house, and books began to be borrowed and lent. Oh, what admirable make-believes are book-borrowing visits among the young! Then there was the procuring of flower seeds and planting them in the garden—the daily joyous visit to watch the young blades of green shooting above the soil. Besides, were there not shopping excursions, walks in the park, and frequent sketching expeditions?

All this ended in vehement overmastering love. Each of their hearts was well prepared by virtuous education—by loneliness—by previous absence of all ardent emotions, to become completely possessed with that powerful spirit, the passion which "never loves but one," and each willingly yielded to its rapturous invasion. Loving came to be the sole business of their thoughts—pleasing each other the one motive of their actions. Their joy was to be near each other—their pain to be away—their hope, that they would never part—their fear, that the affection of the loved one might grow less. Love such as this is happiness. We may be pleased with fame, proud of rank, gratified with friendship, overjoyed in the acquisition of wealth, elated by the possession of power, but we are never blest till we know we are beloved. So well and universally recognised is this truth, that all tribes who believe in a future state of reward make their heaven a region of love.

But our felicity is decreed to be brief, and dashed with trouble. The rose must have its thorn, and the thorns of love's blossom are many. But that which wounded poor Basil's heart with the most cauterizing sting, was jealousy. He could not hear her mention a name but a pang shot through him, or allude to any quality he did not possess without feeling his heart sink.

Mr. Houldsworth, who occupied the remaining apartments besides his own, was a stylish young fellow, the junior partner of a rising firm of cotton-brokers in Liverpool, and their traveller and general agent. He considered it but a piece of pastime to make love to his landlady's daughter, who he deemed should have felt herself honoured by such attention. But while she took care to avoid all intimacy with him beyond what the fact of their living under the same roof required, yet even that was wormwood to the student. He felt in misery to hear words of cheerful greeting pass between them in the hall, or to see him come out to her to the garden to ask a flower for his button-hole, and obtain it from her hands, after a long choosing for a pretty one; and when he beheld the showy young man, bewiskered and curled, dressed after the latest fashion, and glittering with jewellery, jump into his dashing gig, and make the quick steps of his blood mare rattle through the echoing street, he could not help exclaiming,

"Can such things be—that a woman in her senses can be influenced by attractions which any fool can provide himself with for a few sovereigns in the next street? Can Marianne be such a woman?"

It is possible that she might have felt a capricious pleasure in making him believe she was pleased with this person; for what delight is equal to the perception that one we love much is jealous of our affections wandering away. Besides, it was useful to have something wherewithal to keep up the balance of independence, when Basil, sorely to her mortification, would persist in visiting at Dr. —'s and extolling the good qualities of her sister. Alas, many a solitary salt tear did these praises cost her, for she knew he was not feigning when he expressed such opinions, and that the esteem he felt for the lady was sincere.

Many were the little coolnesses that from such causes as these arose between them, which, however, were always in a few days forgotten. Oh, the rapture of a reconciliation with one we dearly love when we are young, from whom we have been estranged but by a little unfounded jealousy! But all these annoyances faded into nothing before a master-passion that now usurped his mind—a new jealousy, that by its certainty and overwhelming nature made his former doubts and surmises disappear, and caused him with bitterness to wish that once more he had nothing but them to disquiet him.

When he became first on terms of intimacy with her he remarked several calls of a gentleman at the house, whom he knew to be one of the leading ma-

manufacturers of his native town, and to be also at the head of a flourishing trading house in the city of his present sojourn. His name was Warkworth; he was a married man, but childless. He was of questionable character—indeed, bore the fame of a libertine. The first time Basil saw this individual about the house, which was when he had been about a year lodging there, and was beginning to take notice of those who came to it, he concluded he must be mistaken in the person. A few months and he observed him again. He now thought he might have called upon Mr. Houldsworth on some commercial business. But when more than two years had passed, and his passion was now in its full tide—when he began to be frequently about that quarter of the house where his landlady immediately dwelt, he made the alarming discovery that this stranger's visits were altogether to the latter and her daughter. Moreover, he observed that there was on all sides a desire to conceal these visits, especially from him, and that when surprised together there was an ominous confusion observable on every countenance; Warkworth looked like one that suffers a petty annoyance; Mrs. Esterling was pale as death, and appeared to feel an exacerbation of her malady; Marianne blushed scarlet, and remained without a word.

There was a mystery about all this that, deeply interested as he was in the welfare of the fair girl, put his mind completely on the rack, and filled it with conflicting doubts, surmises, fears, and hopes. He found a difficulty now in study, and would sit for hours looking away from his open books, lost in reverie. For the first time he felt it necessary to exert a mental effort to fix his attention to them, not for the pleasure they yielded as heretofore, but as a relief from painful thoughts.

But at length this wore off. Love, which cannot think aught ill of its object, threw a roseate veil over the whole circumstances, and he was fain to believe that all his suspicions were but the foolish offspring of his own over-anxious affection—nay, he was shortly convinced of it, and that the dear girl was altogether pure, true, and his own.

Subsequently they became, if possible, still more devoted to each other. Many of her evenings she passed in his study; she would bring her work with her, and sit quietly by him like a sister, plying her needle, or reading by the bright light of his Argand lamp, and ever and anon raising her eyes to bend a fond, admiring look on the happy student, as absorbed he pored upon his books. Or here they held long, quiet conversations for hours, or she would sing to him, or listen to his flute.

Every thing of interest that happened to him about the University or elsewhere; every new opinion he heard, or was led to form with regard to any thing he could comprehend, every feeling of his mind, each joy and sorrow, each hope and intention, he unfolded to her. His history, and his recollections of his childhood, and of his father, and his home, he freely imparted to her.

A similar confidence he met with from her, save upon one point—her connexion with Warkworth. To this she never once alluded; she also spoke with delicacy and reserve about her own descent. Her father had been a manufacturer in the city, but was not a strictly good man, he had separated from her mother, and afterwards left her, with but their house and furniture to earn a living by.

But in the midst of all this an occurrence took place, which brought affairs between them to a crisis. Basil had gone to be present at a sale of the books, pictures, &c., of an eccentric single gentleman, lately deceased. The house was about a dozen miles from the city, and he would require to be for the whole day away from home. As he went, however, to hire a carriage to convey him to the sale, he discovered, from the posted advertisements, that he was a week too early, having mistaken one Monday for another. This was nothing remarkable to one of his absent, inattentive habits, and turning he went slowly back toward his lodgings. He lingered by the way, however, at libraries and booksellers' shops for several hours.

As he drew near home, and was sauntering leisurely along in the sunny warmth of the day, his eyes were attracted by the singular elegance of figure of a young lady who walked a few paces in advance of him, hanging on the arm of a tall, manly-looking, middle-aged gentleman. As he looked, the train of thought that had previously occupied him faded away, and a new conception gradually took form in his mind. He was certain that graceful form was a familiar ideal of his thoughts. And then that stray lock of flaxen hair peeping out from under the bonnet! It must be—his heart beat quick—the blood leaped to his head—a thousand dread doubts overwhelmed him at once. Trembling with excitement, he hurried up, passed them, and turning, beheld his love smiling on the detested Warkworth.

The moment she saw him she stood still, and clung with both hands to the arm of her companion. Her eyes seemed fixed in her head, and a deadly pallor overspread her countenance. The next instant a deep blush supplanted it, and she almost convulsively drew down her veil to hide the gush of tears that fell sparkling upon her dress. Warkworth looked in wonder round him to find out the cause of her agitation, and seeing May, he too exhibited some confusion, and hastily drew her from the path, and hurried into a side street.

It would require one having more knowledge of the human mind than we possess, to describe the feelings that wrought in poor Basil's bosom as he wandered away through the busy streets. His whole fabric of love, hope, and happiness was thunder-struck and scattered around him, an utter wreck; a tumultuous whirl of lacerating thoughts flew through his heart, each as it passed inflicting a new and deeper pang, and he could have cursed the numerous passengers, among whom he staggered on his way, for that they seemed all so light-hearted and so unconcerned. The very beggar, who beset his path, appeared to him a happy and enviable being.

At length he reached the house, rushed into his study, locked the door, and falling on a sofa, gave himself up to the full tide of his misery.

In an hour or two he heard the outer door open with a pass key, and a quick, light, footfall hasten across the hall; he thought too he heard a faint sob, but it might have been fancy. He remained alone in this way till the evening, when he rose, took his hat, and went out, to wander alone in the park. He had now become more calm, and could reflect upon the matter. He was convinced that he had been duped—miserably made a tool of, by an unprincipled creature with art beyond her years. Oh, is there any thought more galling than that we have been deceived by one in whom we have put our dearest confidence—that our own warm feelings have been made the means to effect the deceit? It is like a dagger-stab, and the belief that always follows that our betrayer feels contempt for us, is the poison thrown into the wound.

But his jealousy of her, was as nothing to the intense detestation in which he held her favourite—this latter was the ruling passion. To whom is it you bear the most virulent hatred? Is it not to him who is loved by her you love? the man who basks in the smiles you would give your very soul to buy, but cannot! You envy him, and yet you hate him—you see no merit in him—he ap-

pears to you every thing that is despicable, and yet how gladly would you change conditions with him! Anon, let the valued fair one leave him for another, as she left you for him, and your hatred ceases—he is now a fellow-sufferer—your ill-will becomes pity, sympathy, fellow-feeling, and you could all but swear with him a perpetual friendship.

It was with such feelings as these that Basil now called to mind the antipathy he had formerly entertained to Houldsworth, the very sight of whom he used to shun as an annoyance. How differently now did he think of him.

"Poor young fellow! he too, with his gewgaws and frippery, had been taken in. We have both been fooled. I wonder what he thinks now, for he must long have known it. But I see how it is—money is their object—she has been fluctuating between our hundreds a-year, and now this fellow's thousands have turned the balance—she has been keeping me as a kind of reserve to fall back upon, when others have done with her. And that ancient hypocrite, the mother, how well she abets—nay, she must be the instigator of the schemes—and Warkworth, too—what a look of love did this Delilah of seventeen bend upon him—but he is handsome and free of his money—yet he is a married man—they can have no designs upon him in that way—can they have in any other—is she a thing so vile! oh, agony! What am I to do?—I must not let them know my mind. I see my course—I shall stay here for a month or so, and go about as usual, but never another thought of mine shall be given to her, nor shall a word pass between us. I shall then quietly go off to England—at least leave this place for ever."

He sought his home with this resolution, and for some weeks he kept it, at least as far as silence went, avoiding her in every way. But could he keep her from his thoughts! He knew he could not—he could not even try. No! every process of his mind involved her; she was in his memory—he could only recollect scenes in which she was mingled; she was his imagination, for alone, and every minute, with new associations, did the idea of her rise in his mind. She was his judgment, for the thought of her determined all his actions. She was his fear, his hope, and, oh, how much his love! She had been his joy, and now his misery. Happy would he have been could he have ceased to think of her, but the very mental act of willing to think of her no longer, was still a thought regarding her. Thus he remained for some days, his mind a vortex of passions, plans, and resolves, which changed with every hour. He was unable to sleep for thinking of her, and when exhausted nature yielded, she rose in every dream.

He could not help seeing her once or twice during this period. She appeared pale and careworn, as if she too suffered acutely in her mind. When her eye met his, a feeling of shame was evident through her countenance, but he felt instinctively it was not the shame of guilt, but that of misfortune. It seemed impossible for the most prejudiced spectator to see evil in that face, on which fair fronted innocence palpably sat, albeit in the midst of sorrows. At length, a reaction began in his thoughts.

"It cannot be—I was wrong to judge so harshly—besides, I took no account of motives. Again, have I not known her since from a child she changed to woman, and did I ever know a word or act of hers that could in the remotest degree indicate such conclusions as my passions have led me to form, much less could justify them. No angel's face ever had an expression of more purity, or beamed a sweeter smile, and I have condemned her unheard. But then how she smiled upon him! But then she is so young—she cannot be far gone in her course of evil—she is still to be reclaimed. But again, the concealment—the duplicity. The whole matter is inscrutable—I must have an explanation from her, and if I find her really what I surmised, I can be no worse than I am—my heart can be no more than broken."

Thereupon he sent his servant to her with a note, asking if he might see her, who shortly returned with an answer in the affirmative.

He found her alone: she was seated on a sofa with her hands folded upon her lap, and appeared to be lost in a train of thought of a mournful cast. As he entered she raised her head, and a trace of her former glad smile of welcome rose on her face, but as her eye met his, this disappeared and she grew pale, and her lip trembled. For a moment or two no word was spoken; at length he said,

"Miss Esterling, we have been strangers for a long time." She made no reply. "I am going back to England, and my opinion is that after what has passed between us, it would be right to part in good will if we cannot do so in friendship, to use no warmer word."

A pause.

"You are aware of the reason of our estrangement?"

"I am: I know well what your thoughts of me are; but I assure you they are without foundation. You are altogether mistaken, but I blame no one; it could not be otherwise."

"I should be overjoyed to believe this. Are you aware that Warkworth is a married man?"

"I believe he is—"

"I really did not think from what I knew of you, that I could ever detect you guilty of even deceit to me, much less that I would find you artfully setting out your charms to make a conquest (for what end I will not judge) of this husband of another woman—this man of notorious character."

She sprang up, her face red with anger, and stamped her foot on the floor, while her eyes glared upon him with pride, indignation, and scorn; but seeing him continue to regard her unmoved, she fell back into her seat, and covering her face with her fingers, gave way to a fit of hysterical weeping and sobbing. For a little he forbore to speak, then drawing nearer to her, he said,

"If I have given you pain by my words, think what an agony of mind your conduct has caused me. You have often given me reason to believe you entertained a very strong regard for me; latterly I have been led to think this was not real. If it is, you can prove it by giving me an explanation of your connexion with this man Warkworth. I know that any third person might think I have no right to ask this, but you, when you consider the terms on which we used to be, will I am sure acknowledge I have a right."

"Warkworth's calls here are altogether on business. He was intimately wrought up in my father's affairs, and still continues to be. He was a party to the unhappy separation of my parents. Why will you urge me to talk of these things—you will kill me." (A new light began to open up before Basil's mind.) "More explanation than this I cannot, I will not give—not for my own sake, but because it would involve the dearest fame of others."

"And you do not love him then?"

"How can you ask me such a question! I give you my honour to all I have said; I can give no further proof; if that is not satisfactory, leave me at once and for ever. More on the subject I will not utter."

How short is the step between extremes, in hearts where love is master. There was a long silence, during which he sat unable to frame a sentence, his mind filled with conflicting gladness and regret; at length he spoke.

"My dearest Marianne, I have been misled, but I could not help it. I have been very harsh and rude, but your own heart I am sure will tell you I have not been wrong. Can you forgive me, my own good, noble girl? I have every confidence in your truth and honour, and will never doubt you more. I know your gentleness, your patience, and generosity, and that you will forgive. I have vexed you much, but your own candour must allow that it all arose from my vehement devotion to you, which is the one passion of my existence."

It was hard for her to resist his pleading, to withhold forgiveness from him on whom her heart doted. She tried to do it, at least for some time, but could not hold out, and tearfully gave way, owing to his rapturous questioning that he was the sole object of her love.

It would be needless for us to describe in words the conversation that ensued, for the fancy of our readers would anticipate the scene and we and our details be overlapped and left far behind. It ended, after some hours, in a solemn engagement, that they should be united in marriage on the earliest day that could be convenient to them both, when she should be altogether and unalterably his own, and there should be no more doubt, fear, or jealousy.

Strange enough, this hardly appeared in the eyes of them an event of unusual weight or moment. They had both looked forward to it for years, during which they had lived together in daily familiar and confidential intercourse. There were no arrangements to be made; with the exception of her mother, no human being had control over either of them, or could direct or oppose their desires; there were no persons to be consulted, and a doubtful consent entreated from them; there was no one even to be informed of the fact. Not an obstacle stood in the way of the consummation. He had long been his own master, and as to worldly matters was perfectly independent, and could abundantly afford to follow the bent of his wishes. She again was well convinced that her mother loved her too dearly to withhold from her any thing that she earnestly desired.

But when he asked Mrs. Esterling's consent, the behaviour of the latter appeared to him remarkable. She seemed to suffer a strange and sudden depression of health and spirits, and entreated him to allow her another day, when she would be prepared to give him an answer.

Next day when he met her, her language and conduct seemed as extraordinary. At one time she told him she could not yet, for private reasons of her own give her sanction to her marriage of her daughter, but as she could stand in the way of nothing that could conduce to the happiness of either of them, they might be married without any opposition on her part, if they were both willing to run all risks for good or evil, only she desired to be altogether unconnected with the matter. She had no hesitation in entrusting to him the future welfare of her only child, yet she had many fears that the happiness they expected would prove an illusion, and if ever it did, they should not reproach her with furthering this measure, which she called him to witness she had never encouraged, if she had not discontinued it. Marianne, she continued, had many imperfections; she was low born, of the very humblest class; her parents had been (here she trembled) most unfortunate if not criminal—"She alludes to their bankruptcy," thought he—and were one tithe of their evil fortunes known a stigma would attach to her. No, it could not to her, but still this world was malignant, and apt to visit the sins of the parents on the children.

In this way she ran on, getting more confused and excited with every sentence till Basil, positively in pain for her, withdrew, with a vague belief that he had obtained her acquiescence.

In a week or two, Marianne and he were quietly and unostentatiously married, according to the short and simple ceremony of their church, by their friend and pastor, Dr. —. The only remark he made regarded their youth, for she still wanted some months of eighteen, and he as many of twenty-one. Yet they seemed so loving and devoted, and he knew him to be so talented, so virtuous, and honourable, and she amid her blushes looked so beautiful, that as he bade Heaven bless them, there was a warmth and kindness in his benignant smile, as if they had been his own children.—[To be Continued.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

Narrated by the late Capt. Peregrine Reynolds, R.N., to his old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. W. S. Harvey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in — College.

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ARRANGED, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS, BY THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL.

CHAP. II.

"This great and wide Sea; * * * There go the ships; there is that Leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein."—PSALM CIV.

"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?"—JOB XLI.

BESOM BOB, as in his absence he was familiarly styled on shore, by those who knew his early history and habits, but which it would have been dangerous to utter on board the *Circe*, was a very remarkable man. In point of birth he was of the lowest origin, his father being an itinerant dealer in brooms, or, as they are called in Yorkshire, *besoms*, in which mystery Robert himself had been initiated; and the latter followed the business to a considerable extent, in the towns along the Yorkshire coast, but more particularly in those of Whitby and Scarborough, until he attained his twenty-third year. Much of his traffic was with shipping, and he was accustomed to supply the article in which he dealt to the various craft, large and small, that ordinarily sailed out of those two ports, consequently he was frequently led into the society of sea-faring men, at their usual places of resort.

Happening to be seated, one evening, in a small ale-house in Whitby, where several seamen were carousing, he listened with great attention and admiration to the exploits which, over their cups, they were relating with all the boisterous mirth, and some of the exaggeration, which deep potations are apt to engender. A sea adventure, even to a *Tar*, is nothing, unless there be something of the marvellous mixed up in it; it is, in fact, neither worth the telling nor the hearing, if it be in the ordinary course of things. Hence Jack is ever desirous of making the most of his story; and it must be confessed that commonly his auditors are well disposed to take it all upon trust,—except the nautical tactics that may happen to be mingled up in the narrative, and these are very closely criticised. So it was here, and so it was with *Bob Scoles*. The dormant spark of ambition was roused within him; gradually he became smitten with the desire to imitate these adventurers,—perhaps to go beyond them. He was a stout, athletic young man, and the stinging reflection all at once came across his mind, of the helpless, comparatively useless, and degraded life he was leading, in a world full of adventure. He determined, therefore, to renounce the broom line of business and betake himself to the deep.

Accordingly, next day, he went and offered himself as a landsman, to one of the ship-masters from his native port, and was accepted. The ship in which he engaged himself was employed in the Greenland whale fishery; a line of life exactly calculated to gratify the enterprising spirit, and to exercise the indom-

table courage and resolution of the young man; it was likewise a species of commercial adventure then just coming greatly into vogue. His anxiety to learn his new occupation was incessant, and his exertions were ardent. At all times, and under all circumstances, *Besom Bob*,—for thus he was named from the beginning of his career,—was to be found ready to execute any commands within the scope of his ability, and it was not long before that ability became great. From danger he never flinched,—from labor never skulked; he never was heard to complain, and consequently, as is generally the case, he very soon had not much to complain of. The young man's conduct was remarked with approbation by the master of the vessel, who determined to encourage him; and the ship returning full,—a circumstance of most favorable omen among the superstitious race of sailors in this employment—the young broom-man's destiny was thought to be partly associated with the *good luck*, and it was resolved to secure that and its possessor together.

Besom Bob, then, was retained in the service of his original employers, by being sent on a voyage to Archangel, after his return from Greenland; and was propitiated in the whaling expedition of the following season, by being put into the office of line-coiler, a duty, of which more hereafter. Success, that most powerful proof of merit, in the opinions of the great bulk of mankind, still attended his steps; he became successively Boat-steerer, Harpinner, Spikesneer, and Mate,—all of which are ascending grades of offices in the whale-fishery trade,—and in the almost incredibly short space of six years, the quondam itinerant dealer in brooms was Master of one of the finest whalers from the port of Whitby.

Nor did his good fortune forsake him. After a few voyages to the Arctic regions, so prosperous was the state of his temporal affairs, that he was thought to be no bad match even into the families of the rich ship-owners with whom he had become connected. Being still a young man, well made, healthy, good-humoured, and frolicsome as most of his profession are, he found no great difficulty in ingratiating himself in the heart of a very amiable girl; nor did he find any obstacles to his happiness on the part of her parents, who were, in fact, gratified at the prospect of obtaining as a son-in-law a man who was obviously "born to good-luck," and who had already advanced very considerably in the acquisition of a fortune. He married the girl of his heart, and the union was a happy one both in itself and its results; one of which may be here mentioned, although it has nothing to do with these "Recollections," except as giving collateral proof of *Besom Bob's* luck, which continued beyond his own generation. His son was brought up, to the same occupation as that which the father had so successfully followed, but with the advantages of a very superior education. He acquired at first the sobriquet of young *Besom Bob*; but in the course of years that epithet died away, and gave place to a more honourable appellation, for *Capt. Robt. Scoles*, F.R.S., &c. &c., has given to the world a series of geographical and philosophical papers on the Arctic regions, not surpassed either in correctness, style, or importance by the communications of any of his contemporaries; and he has, most deservedly, an elevated niche in the temple of Science.

To return from this digression. At the period of my shipping on board the *Circe*, *Besom Bob* was about fifty years of age. He had been twenty-two years in command of whaling vessels, in which time it was remarkable that he never failed to bring home a full ship,—he had never been beset in the ice,—he had never lost a man by an accident,—had never been wrecked,—nor had the naval impress, that disgrace to the British sea service, ever succeeded in taking from him one of his crew. *Good luck* therefore, according to the popular belief, was peculiarly his; and no wonder that the very best of seamen were ready to ship themselves under his command, at lower wages than they could procure from others. A prosperous voyage and a safe return are, to the superstitious seaman, worth securing at any rate. Thus then, continued success provided him a superior crew upon easy terms, and these, in their reaction provided him success. His friends said that "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth," and his enemies found a miserable consolation in declaring that he must have "sold himself to the devil." But however conflicting the opinions with regard to the cause of his good fortune, he was the pride and envy of the Greenland fishery; and, as it was considered to be a lucky chance, and an indicative of sport, to fall in with him upon *fishing ground*, his motions were watched with more than ordinary assiduity. Even this was fortunate for him, as it is always a point of *etiquette* among the adventurers in this trade, to assist each other in killing a difficult fish, if the parties be not actually engaged in a distinct pursuit of their own; thus therefore he had generally auxiliaries at hand, in the event of an emergency.—But let us proceed on our voyage.

In a few days we reached the Shetland Isles, and anchored in Lerwick sound. It is customary with the British whalers to sail with the superior part of the crew only, from the English port, and to engage natives of those islands at a lower rate of wages, as their chief employment is to man the boats when the vessels are upon *fishing ground*, and to do the mere manual labour in hoisting in and cutting up the blubber. Another reason is that these islanders necessarily spend so much time in their boats, either at the haaf-fishing, or in passing from island to island on their usual occasions, that they are familiar to the use of the oar from their childhood, and consequently are adapted for the boat service of the whaling business. They are likewise a simple hearted and poor community, and the amount of their emoluments in the whaling voyage of four or five months, is a substantial help to the support of themselves and their families during the remainder of the year. In time of war, too, when all the mariners who were before the mast were liable to be impressed, on the return voyage, and almost certain to be so in reality, the islanders were the safest men, for they were generally dismissed within a day's sail of the Islands, in a boat or two lent from the ship, and which they always took care to have in readiness at the port; thus commonly evading the search of the impressing parties from naval vessels sent out in that direction for the purpose of recruiting the service. Here we received an additional force of forty men, who, added to twenty-eight—our number at sailing—put us in quite effective strength. It was not my good fortune, however, to sail under the command of the gallant and fortunate *Capt. Scoles* any longer, although I fell in with him again afterwards; for the *Leicester*, *Capt. Bunting*, came into the roads whilst we lay there, and, soon after coming to an anchor, her commander came on board of us to procure assistance. It appeared that he was short of boys; one of his apprentices having died just before he sailed, and another having run away from him, in Grimsby roads. I was therefore called into the cabin, and after some little conversation, in which I was assured of the kind disposition of the visitor, I was lent to *Capt. Bunting*. Yes, dear Harvey, whatever shock your delicate sensations may encounter, at the use of such a word, applied to a free human being, your friend Peregrine Reynolds was assuredly lent to him. That is to say, *Capt. Scoles* was responsible for my emoluments, on the footing of our original agreement, but *Bunting* was to have my services during the voyage, as a necessary supply, and was to pay him for the same.

I could not help thinking that this was cruel usage on the part of *Capt. Scoles*, to a stranger who had come on board his ship under such peculiar circumstances as mine. I had expected more tenderness towards my feelings: for of course I concluded that he must be aware I was no ordinary boy, and not to be transferred from hand to hand, like goods and chattels.—Alas! How ignorant is youth! The hardy tar knows nothing of the fastidious delicacy of the shore-bred lad; and least of all was such a man as *Scoles* likely to be so affected. A life of hardships, labor, and ignorance, in his early days, and of uninterrupted prosperity in his latter years, was not the best calculated to produce allowances for the conceits of a run-away boy. But behind all this, there was a stronger motive for ridding himself of me, arising from the rooted prejudices which ignorance and original vulgar habits had confirmed in him beyond the possibility of eradication. Upon a farther consideration of my history,—of such part at least, as I had thought proper to confide to him—he had taken up the notion that I was born to ill luck, and that my presence would be likely to operate against the fortune of the voyage. With all the bravery and strength of mind which this man really possessed, he had not been able to rise above this ridiculous prejudice; it reigned in full force in his bosom, it regulated or stimulated his actions, and I now believe that, before we reached *Shetland*, he had determined to get rid of me, even if he should be obliged to leave me behind. It is, therefore, not surprising that he eagerly caught at the opportunity of turning over "the spell upon his luck," to another; leaving that other to find out, as he best might, the real quality of the new accession to his crew.

I gulped down the indignity thus offered to me, with some difficulty, and, to say the truth, it was a hard task for a young lad, among a number of superstitious seamen; for whilst I was getting my *dunnage* ready, for a transfer of myself and property, the whisper was running round that I was marked for misfortune, and that hence it was that I was removed from the "jolly old *Circe*." They all shook hands with me cordially, notwithstanding,—wishing me well through the troubles which they *knew* I should encounter, and doubtless rejoicing inwardly that the "*Barky*" was clear of a *Jonah*." Be this as it might, there was no alternative. I had the mortification to see the *Circe* weigh anchor without me, on the following day, and was doomed to exercise my philosophy as well as I could. The *Ilchester* was soon manned for the fishery, and we in our turn weighed and set sail for the scene of our labours.

As I intend to detail the particulars of this line of life, perhaps I cannot take a better opportunity than the present, to give you some preliminary information on the subject.

As soon as we had got clear to the north of *Shetland*, all the boats were hoisted out, for the purpose of being fitted with the necessary gear, of having their several crews formally appointed, and of being suspended in places most convenient for lowering them into the water, at any hasty necessity in the course of our arduous duties. The following was the order of their situations. There was one on the outside of each gangway, between the fore and main masts, two were at each quarter, and one over the stern. These were all provided with rope grommets for the oars, instead of the ordinary row locks, and a small mat under each oar, was fixed upon the boat's gunwales; all was well greased, that the boat's crew might row with the greatest silence. Next, the whale-lines were brought out, and coiled, cable-fashion and in smooth fakes, in the *line-tub* which was fixed in the after part of each boat; from four to six of these lines, of one hundred and twenty fathoms each, and spliced together in one length, were carefully coiled away in every *line-tub*. The material of the whale-lines consisted of rope extremely supple and strong, being made from long hemp selected for that particular purpose. A few fathoms, nearest the outer end, were without tar, in their composition, and were perfectly soft and pliant, but very strong; this latter was firmly attached to the harpoon at the shank. The harpoon consisted of an iron head doubly barbed; about six inches long and five inches wide, not flat but slightly convex, and about three quarters of an inch thick in the strongest part; the shank or socket, at the end, was in one part with the barb, about two feet long, and into it was fixed a wooden shank, or handle, about six feet long. This instrument was always kept bright and clean; it lay in the bow of the boat, close to the harpiner's seat in rowing, and ready to be snatched up by him at any moment. Near the boat's stern also was a strong circular piece of wood, firmly fixed, called the *Bollard* or *logger-head*; round this the harpiner frequently took a turn with the whale-line, after a fish was struck by him, thereby compelling the monster of the deep to drag the boat and its contents; thus fatiguing the animal with the labor, whilst the harpoon and the pain of the wound were assisting to bring about his death. The *bollard* being round and smooth, it was easy to give out portions of line, at the judgment of the harpiner, and to hold on, or to throw it off altogether, whenever he should think fit. Besides the harpoon there are always two or three lances in each boat, for the purpose of being plunged into a vital part of the fish when he is fatigued, weak, and dying. This hastens the operation very considerably, and is an act of mercy as well as of dispatch. The lances are commonly used by such boats only as come late up to the fish, and when he has already been struck by three or more harpoons from the different boats that came more early into the pursuit. A staff with a small white or coloured flag is in each boat, and is always hoisted whenever a fish is successfully struck by the harpiner of that boat, to denote that the harpoon is fast to him, and to demand assistance. A small swab, for the purpose of wetting the *bollard* and the boat's gunwale, when the line is moving out with great rapidity, and thus prevent its taking fire, and a small but sharp hatchet, for cutting the line if it gets foul and thereby endangers the lives of the crew, complete the equipment of each boat, excepting a spare oar or two, in the event of any damage to those which are actually in use. Every precaution is taken to obtain celerity and to preserve silence; and no unnecessary words are to be uttered, when in chase.

The following is the order of the people, composing a boat's crew in this service. First the Harpiner, whose place is always in the bow of the boat, in other words, he always rows the bow oar; and he is *ready* to show in his oar, and catch up his harpoon, whenever he shall see occasion to do so. Next to him is some smart handy fellow who can promptly obey the orders of the harpiner, and render him any assistance he may desire,—but this man is not what is called an officer, nor is he necessarily a good seaman. After him there are two, sometimes three, who are generally either *Orkney-men*, or *Shetland-men*, and of whom nothing is required but that they row steadily, strongly, and silently; and be prompt to back the boat off or urge it on, as the harpiner shall direct. The last of the rowers is the *Line-coiler*, whose duty it is to be ever very attentive to his lines, to see that they run out smoothly and evenly; because, as they sometimes run very rapidly, at the least irregularity a bight may catch some part of the boat, and be the destruction both of her and all her crew. When therefore the harpiner lays in his oar, to seize his harpoon, the line-coiler also lays in his, to watch his lines; and if, in spite of his utmost care, the rapidity with which the fish runs should drag the whole or a part of a sheave out of his *line-tub*, he instantly gives notice, and the harpiner with the sharp har-

chet alluded to, immediately cuts the line and lets the fish go, with the harpoon in him, and so much of the line as he has dragged out. The last man in the boat is the *Boat-steerer*, and a very important office he holds. I need scarcely inform you that whale-boats are carvel-built, and have the stem and stern both alike. The boat-steerer always stands up in the *stern-sheets*, and instead of a rudder he has a very large oar, called the *steering-oar*, the power of which in his hands is such, as to enable him to turn the boat to right or left with uncommon quickness. He must have his eyes constantly fixed on the object, and use his own best judgment, except when he receives the orders of the harpiner, whose word indeed is *law* on these occasions.

All the preparatory measures being taken, the boat's crews appointed, and the ship's company divided into three watches, we proceeded with all despatch towards the scene of our projected enterprize; but as the season was not yet far advanced it was deemed advisable to run for "the west ice," as it is called, in order to catch a few seals, before we should proceed towards *Spitzbergen*, to the regular fishery.

But we had another sort of equipment to effect,—one, too, that your *beaux* of Broadway might consider indispensable,—it was our personal rig-out. In this every one consulted his own taste or convenience; yet although the greatest regard for propriety was maintained, I doubt greatly whether the most finished whaling dandy on board would have been copied as a model by the smallest pretender to fashion on shore, although it would certainly have attracted the attention of the *belles*. However as it is *just possible* that some of your young friends *might* try the effects of the costume, I will describe it, and leave the other communication to your own discretion.

Whatever might be thought of the quality of the woollen, there certainly was no heart-burning on the score of *fine linen*, for here fine linen "*was not*." Every person, from the Captain to the sweeper, wore a flannel shirt, over which was a *Guernsey frock* or vest with sleeves to it of the stocking fabric, fitting tight to the body and arms. We were incased within two pairs of thick woollen stockings, the like number of woollen drawers, a pair of huge heavy fisherman's boots, covering the entire lower limbs, woollen or canvas trowsers over these, a jacket, and over that a large pee-jacket, two pair of woollen mittens, and,—the crowning point of comfort and elegance,—a warm worsted wig, with a long tail of either worsted or thrums, over which was a fur cap. It was on the wig that all the labors of art, and all the beauty of taste were displayed; and assuredly these were, among my companions, some of the most grotesque figures that ever drew a grave face into a laugh. At this time also the general rule began to be enforced, that every one should sleep in his stockings and drawers, and the remaining part of his attire was laid in a *bucket*, or piece of ratline with a slip knot at the end, in an orderly manner, to keep them together. The reason of this last precaution, I found was that in the event of "a fall" being called, which means, the announcement that a fish has been successfully struck, every one jumping out of bed, runs half-dressed as he may be, with his clothes in his *bucket*, into his proper boat. After putting off, the harpiner throws in his oar and finishes his toilet; after him, the boatsteerer, and so on in succession, *one at a time*, till they are all dressed; and thus, little or no time is lost in the pursuit.

It is curious to observe the prejudices of unlettered sea-faring men. The ship's company being now divided into three watches, there were of course sixteen hours exemption from duty, and eight hours upon deck. I was not able to sleep so many hours, and therefore, in my *watch below*, as it is called, I attempted to beguile some part of the time in reading,—having brought a few books with me. But the attempt was laughed at in the first place, and afterwards I received peremptory orders to "bottle off" all the sleep I could get, as I should certainly want it before I should see *Shetland* again. Such was the reasoning of these men, who could alternately employ themselves for sixty or seventy hours in an arduous, dangerous, and disgusting occupation, or sleep at the rate of sixteen hours a-day. I was obliged to comply, however, as far as retreating to my berth would do so, and spent many an uneasy hour awake in my bed, that might have been profitably employed.

At length we reached the *West Ice*; and here a scene broke upon my view, of which I had entertained no previous conception. From the mast-head was seen an immense extent of floating ice, all in patches, broken, disjointed; pieces here and there artificially, or rather *apparently*, joined together by snow, and at intervals a dark narrow streak of clear blue water, probably caused by vessels forcing their way among the masses. There were several Dutch ships among the ice, the boats' crews from which were employing themselves in "Sealing," which I discovered to be a most exhilarating amusement to the seamen, as well as an extremely profitable occupation for the owners. We prepared for the same kind of sport, Captain Bunting himself being as eager as the very boys themselves; and he took me with him in his own boat.

The mode of killing seals, at this part of the season, is as follows. The boats are provided with a number of clubs, each about three feet long, the upper end having a thick knot, and a short iron hook fastened upon it. There are also several tin post-horns or trumpets in the boats. The seals lie basking, in great numbers, upon the masses of ice, and are a stupid race of animals. Upon the approach of a boat to the place where they are reposing, the crew sound their horns, or make horrid shouts and discordant noises; the animals erect their heads, open wide their eyes and mouths, and are utterly confounded. Before they can recover from their consternation the men jump on the masses of ice where the seals lie, and, still roaring and bellowing at them, run up, give them a sound knock on the nose, which kills them instantly; and then sticking the hook in their heads drag them to the boat, which is moved about from place to place by a boy who watches the motions of his boat's crew, and keeps in readiness to receive the *Game* from them. The seals are killed and dragged away by the head, to avoid damaging the skins which are valuable.

At first I was stationed as boat-keeper, but upon my intreaty, I was allowed to make trial of my skill,—and a pretty trial it turned out. A fine fat fellow was my intended *coup d'essai*; I approached my victim, roaring at him with might and main, and sure enough he seemed struck with astonishment. Unfortunately, however, I was not well acquainted with the identical seat of his mortality; I struck him on the neck, and the gentleman scuttled away from me immediately, at a notable rate and with little regard to elegance of motion. I ran after him, and tried in vain to give him another stroke with the hooked side of my seal-club; but perceiving that he was getting near the edge of the ice, and that there was great probability of his total escape, I stooped, like a booby, to get hold of his fin or "flipper," when he raised it up, struck me forcibly in the face, knocked me into the water, and walloped away himself, not far from me. My first impulse was to lay fast hold of the ice, and then I bawled lustily, being apprehensive that another piece might come in contact with the one that I held by, and crush the very life out of me. The boat, however, was soon brought round to me, I was rolled into her and carried off to the ship, where a glass of stiff grog was administered by the doctor, and an entire change of gar-

men by myself. But many a jeer I had to sustain, for allowing myself to be knocked down by a seal, and for losing my club. *Lubber*, and *Die-hard*, were the mortifying terms applied to me; and "Gentleman in disguise, come to sea to wear his old clothes out," was a standard witticism, until I was able to wipe out the stain upon my honor, and skill, by a few strokes at the seals, of a more successful nature.

We remained a week at the west ice, during which time we killed about fifteen hundred seals. These were a valuable foundation for a prosperous voyage, the fat of those animals being excellent; as, upon boiling, it yields nearly its whole quantity in oil, whereas that of the whale only produces about two thirds. The skins also, as is well known, are worth much for leather. It is a rule to compute a thousand seals as worth one size fish, or whale with the whale-bone of six feet in length.

And now we made sail for the east ice, where we expected our main fishery to commence. The *crow's nest* was rigged, and the *Jacob's ladder* was fitted. The former of these conveniences consists of a place constructed on the main top-mast cross-trees, screened round with canvas, and containing a telescope and sometimes a compass. Its use was for the protection of the officer of the watch, or any other person sent aloft, to shelter them from the cold, whilst they were engaged in looking around for the appearances of fish, or the state of navigation among the ice. From the crow's nest the Jacob's ladder was fixed, reaching up to the mast-head itself, thus allowing a still more extensive, although but a comparatively momentary view.

Every eye now began to be strained, in hopes of being the first to discover a fish. We had arrived in the latitude of 75 deg. N., the *bran-boats* were ordered out; those were two of the whale-boats to be towed astern of the ship, manned, and ready to start in pursuit whenever and wheresoever directed by the officer of the watch for the time; the crews of which consisted of half the "watch on deck," and all was eagerness, suspense, and watchfulness. For my own part, my utter ignorance of this part of the business, and my anxiety to see and know every thing, effectually prevented me from "bottling off" sleep according to the ritual. In fact I hardly slept at all.

The important moment at length arrived, and a disastrous beginning it proved indeed. The wind was blowing very fresh from the north east, so much so, that it was hardly prudent to have a boat out. Still the anxiety for a commencement of the fishery was so intense, and the long delay had hitherto been so vexatious to all hands, that Capt. Bunting would not allow a single chance to be thrown away. Suddenly a man from the crow's nest hailed the deck, and reported a large fish on the weather beam. Instantly one of the *bran-boats* pulled away for him—came up with him—struck him! Up went the boat's jack or flag,—"a fall, a fall!" was loudly and exultingly repeated through the ship; the people thronged to their respective boats, to go and finish the acceptable chance,—when, miserable fate! All at once jack and boat disappeared. There was a loud cry from the ship,—a helpless cry,—but presently she was seen again, with her keel upwards. After a farther lapse of time a figure was seen at one end of her, and presently afterwards another at the other end. After much hard pulling, the other boats came up to the unfortunate one that had been capsized, and soon all but two began to return towards the ship. They brought with them two men half frozen to death, and the boat which had so unfortunately been upset.

It seems that the *bran-boat* had not been able to get up to the shoulder of the fish, which is on every account the most desirable spot; and that the Harpiner in his eagerness, had cast the harpoon instead of striking it in; the barb held however, but the heaving of the sea, and the confusion in backing off to get clear of the fish's tail, had caused the line-coiler to be remiss in his attention to his lines. The neglect cost him his life. The whale dragged out the lines with astonishing rapidity, running at the same time directly in the wind's eye, when unfortunately, part of a sheave of the coil came forth at once, and getting entangled in some part of the boat, it was upset in an instant. In this condition it was dragged by the infuriated animal at a great rate, but not for a very long time; for the line broke, and the fish escaped with the harpoon in his body. Four of the unfortunate men, in the body of the boat, were overwhelmed by it in turning over, and were drowned. The Harpiner and the Boatsteerer being at the narrow extremities, were thrown clear off, and instantly catching hold again, held on with convulsive grasp at each end until the line broke, when they contrived to get mounted on the boat's keel, in which place they anxiously awaited relief from their shipmates. The lives of these two men were indeed saved, but they had been so long exposed to cold, that they were severely frost-bitten and never perfectly recovered during the remainder of the voyage. In another hour the remaining two boats returned, bringing the lifeless bodies of the luckless line-coiler and another of the crew; the other two unfortunate men were never found.

THE LAST CITATION.

Two criminals were executed at Madrid in 1838, for their ferocious and bloody-thirsty conduct during the *emute* of 1835. They perished by the garota, or iron collar, substituted in Spain for the halter—and not only protested their innocence to the very last moment of their lives, but summoned their accusers and judges to appear in judgment with them, within a few days, before the bar of the Great Judge. Yet the guilt of these unhappy criminals was most notorious; the murders for which they suffered had been publicly committed, and the wonder was, that they should have escaped their just punishment for so long a period as three years.

This bold and pertinacious assertion of their innocence, by such undoubted criminals, fills the mind with the most painful emotions. We cannot but shudder at the infatuation which led them to go before their Maker with a lie upon their lips; and we begin to doubt what degree of credit may be due to the last solemn assertions of many who have died for crimes proved against them by only circumstantial evidence. Can it be possible that innocence and guilt, in the same awful situation, with the terrible apparatus of death before them, an un pitying crowd of fellow-men around, with no hope for the future but such as may be founded on the mercy of their Creator—can the conscience-stricken criminal and the guiltless victim of judicial error, under these terrible circumstances, feel alike—be equally able to call down upon their judges the swift-coming condemnation of the Great Judge? It seems incredible that such things should be; yet a reference to the history of the past affords many instances in which this great problem of our nature remains on record, only to be solved at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

Spain was governed, in 1311, by Ferdinand IV., a monarch possessing many excellent qualities, being brave, just, and generous; yet he died in the prime of life under very singular circumstances, arising out of a departure from the love of justice which he had usually evinced. Three noblemen were brought before him, charged with having murdered a fourth; they strongly protested

their innocence, and affirmed that, if time were given them, they could bring proofs of it; but the king, disregarding their entreaties, ordered them to be thrown from a lofty rock. The unfortunate men continued to make the strongest asseverations of innocence, declaring that the death of the king, within thirty days from that time, would shew the truth of their statements, for they summoned him to come to judgment with them before the throne of heaven. Ferdinand, at this time, was in perfect health; but whether the startling prediction of his victims produced its own fulfilment by affecting his imagination, or whether some other malady attacked him, history does not determine—he died on the last of the thirty days, and hence obtained the surname of Ferdinand the Summoned.

About this period, which abounds in circumstances that show the superstition and intellectual darkness of all classes of people in Europe, the celebrated order of Knights Templars was abolished. This powerful body, half monastic, half military, had acquired a strength and influence which made them hateful to the jealous eyes of the sovereigns of Europe; while, individually, they were feared by the people, who suffered from their vices. Warriors of the cross, they passed freely into court and camp, wherever the nobles of the land were assembled; they were privileged to display all the pomp and circumstance of war—to practise all that was gay, gallant, and refined, or adapted to win the love of dames of high degree; while their vows of celibacy cut them off from all chance of honourable alliance with the objects of their admiration. Many a noble house had been dishonoured by these soldier-priests: many an humble hearth was robbed at once of its brightest ornament, and of all, in the shape of wealth, that rapacity could wring from those too powerless to resist. Still, though guilty of ambition and profligacy—the vices of the camp; though convicted of avarice and luxury—the sins of the cloister; these wrought not their downfall: their wealth, as a body, was immense, and greater than their political power; so Pope Clement V., then at Avignon, and Philip the Fair of France, (nearly prelate and avaricious king), caused all the Knights Templars within their dominions to be seized on the same day, and thrown into secure dungeons. Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the order, and several of the best and bravest among them, were accused of sorcery, and other dark crimes against the laws of God and man, which admitted not of proof, and could only be met by solemn denial; some of them, in the agonies of the torture to which they were subjected, confessed to impossible enormities, and were thereupon condemned to die. Not so Jacques de Molay: he appears to have possessed qualities, both physical and mental, that might "give the world assurance of a man;" mingling the martyr's faith with the warrior's pride, he never quailed under the severest torture, but strongly protested not only his own innocence, but that of his order. Even at the last fiery ordeal of faggot and stake, before the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, he appeared with unshaken serenity. His deportment was full of majesty, for he had long been the equal companion of princes; and of calm dignity, for he was conscious of innocence; and he had, withal, a Christian faith, whose fervour could not be chilled even in the hour of death. Humbly admitting that he was guilty of the faults of our common nature, he denied the crimes imputed to him, and, committing his spirit to his Maker, he summoned Clement and Philip to appear with him in judgment within a year. They both outlived the period, though Philip died so soon after, as to occasion some doubt in the minds of the believers in the marvellous, whether his sudden death was not a fulfilment of the Grand Master's prediction.

Charles de Gontault, Baron de Biron, was the friend of Henry IV. of France before that monarch came to the throne, and he continued to be his firm adherent for some time afterwards. Disappointed, however, in some project of ambition, he caballed against his master, and being betrayed by his own valet, was committed to the Bastille. Henry was much attached to this brave chevalier, and entreated him to acknowledge his fault and be forgiven; but either Biron was innocent, and his valet a traitor, or he continued to hope that that person would not ultimately criminate him, and proudly refused to make a concession. When put upon his trial, he was found guilty; but he still trusted to Henry's favour for a pardon: the king, however, was not less offended by his obduracy than by his treason, and signed the warrant for his execution. Nothing could exceed the surprise and despair of Biron when he was informed that he was to die on the following day: he broke out into vehement protestations of innocence, upbraided the king with ingratitude and cruelty, and defied and denounced his accusers and judges, accusing the chancellor who had presided at his trial of unfair dealing, and summoning him to appear in judgment with him within the year. The chancellor, thrice armed in the consciousness of his own uprightness, did not die, but lived five years longer than Biron—until 1617.

The Portuguese in 1640 threw off the yoke of Spain, and nominated John, Duke of Braganza, to the throne. At his death he left two sons, Alphonzo and Pedro, and a daughter, Catherine, who became the unhappy wife of our second Charles. Alphonzo, who was a prince of mean intellect, married a princess of Nemours; she had a good dowry, a handsome person, considerable talents, and few virtues; and they succeeded to the throne. Don Pedro, the younger brother of Alphonzo, was every way his superior; and the shrewd, intriguing, unscrupulous princess of Nemours soon contrived that her husband's imbecility should be so apparent, as to justify his removal from the throne to make room for Don Pedro. Her own divorce then, followed, and she artfully demanded back her dowry, well knowing that it was irrevocably squandered; but, as her real object was to become the wife of Don Pedro, she managed to reassume the name and rank of queen. Having carried this point, the guilty pair thought it necessary, for their own security, to have the deposed king and divorced husband closely confined; he submitted without complaint, and with only a momentary ebullition of anger, on hearing that his brother had married his wife. For fifteen years he remained a melancholy captive in the castle of Cintra, the beauties of whose 'glorious Eden' he was not suffered to enjoy. When on the point of death, he said, 'I am going, but the queen will soon follow me to answer before God's awful tribunal for the evils she has heaped upon my head.' She died in a few months after him, in 1682; having been more miserable in the gratification of her passions, than her victim could have been in his solitary prison.

The last and most remarkable of these citations is in connection with the history of the reigning family of England; and its details are, perhaps, more touching and romantic than any that have preceded it. George, the electoral prince of Hanover, who afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain, was married early in life, to Sophia Dorothea, princess of Halle, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. She was the only child of her parents, and had been reared with much tenderness, so that she carried to the court of the elector that unchecked gaiety of heart which so often leads innocent and inexperienced females first into imprudence and then into error. She allowed herself, soon after her arrival, to make some piquant remarks upon the

rather coarse and inelegant ladies whom her father-in-law, after the custom of the small German sovereigns, kept openly at his court, and thereby she created enemies, who were ever on the watch to injure and annoy her. Her own conduct was irreproachable, until, in an evil hour, there came to Hanover the young Count Koningsmark, a Swedish nobleman of an ancient and honourable family, who was high in favour at the court of Stockholm. The count, fascinated by the manners of the princess (whose husband was absent with his father's army,) paid her the most flattering attention, which she carelessly, but it is believed innocently admitted. This afforded the elector an opportunity of accomplishing her ruin. A trap was laid for her, which had the effect of bringing Koningsmark to the neighbourhood of her apartments at an improper hour. The unfortunate Swede was never more seen in life, and Sophia, being arrested, was conveyed without loss of time, and with the concurrence of her deceived husband, to the castle of Ahlen, on the banks of the river Ahlen, where she remained in close confinement thirty-two years.

It is not to be supposed that this incarceration of a young and beautiful woman, the wife of a powerful monarch—for George in time became king of Great Britain—could be an unimportant secret. Their son, the Prince of Wales, who was never on very good terms with his father, was anxious to see her, and twice, at the risk of his life, swam his horse across the river that surrounded the castle where she was confined. There is something very touching in this filial devotion to a mother whom he could scarcely remember to have seen, and who was accused of such grave offences; but the heart of the old German baron who kept the castle was made of such stern stuff, as to be proof against all fine emotions, and the young prince could not obtain an interview with his mother. There was no evidence against her that could justify a divorce; and on one occasion her husband made overtures to her for a reconciliation; but she proudly replied, "If what I am accused of be true, I am unworthy of him; if the accusation be false, he is unworthy of me; I will not accept his offer." Immediately before her death, she wrote a letter to him containing an affirmation of her innocence, a reproach for his injustice, and a citation to appear, within a year and a day, at the Divine tribunal for judgment. This letter she confided to an intimate friend, with a solemn charge to see it delivered to the king's own hand; but as this was an undertaking of a delicate, if not a dangerous nature, some months passed by without its being conveyed to him. At length his visit to his electoral dominions seemed to present the desired opportunity, and when he was on his way to Hanover, a messenger met him and delivered the packet to him in his coach. Supposing that it came from Hanover, he opened it directly; but its contents, and the fatal citation with which it ended, had such an effect on him, that he fell into convulsions, which brought on apoplexy and death. He expired at the palace of his brother, the bishop of Osnaburgh, just seven months after his unfortunate wife.

George II., their son, always believed in his mother's innocence, and, had she survived his father, he would have restored her to her rank as queen dowager. Soon after his accession, he visited his electoral dominions, and caused some alterations to be made in the palace. On taking up the floor of his mother's dressing-room, the remains of Count Koningsmark were discovered. It is probable that the unfortunate man was seized and strangled at the moment of his arrest, and that his body was placed under the boards to prevent discovery. The affair was hushed up, for George was careful of his mother's character; besides which, prudential motives would lead him to desire strict secrecy on this subject. His frequent altercations with his father, in conjunction with the stigma thrown upon his mother, had already given occasion to severe sarcasm and some ribaldry on the part of the Jacobites, and this discovery was not calculated to silence unwelcome insinuations about his parentage. Sophia's story remains on the page of history, a melancholy example of the miseries that may result from the neglect of those minor morals so important to woman. That she was essentially innocent, there is little room to doubt, but if she had also been duly scrupulous to maintain those appearances of purity which are necessary to the perfection of woman's moral status, her whole destiny might have been bright instead of dark; her talents and beauty, instead of being wasted in a prison, might have adorned a palace and added lustre to a crown.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the most famous citations recorded in history. There is matter in them for serious consideration, not as encouraging a superstitious belief in marvels, but as showing the influence of the mind upon the body; a subject of such importance, that the writer gladly leaves it to able hands.

THORWALDSEN.

Thorvaldsen (it is thus he wrote his own name) was born in 1770, during a journey made by his family from Iceland to Copenhagen. His father, Golskalk Thorvaldsen, was a carver of figure-heads for ships, his mother the daughter of a clergyman.

The child showed an early disposition for drawing, and was placed by his parents, whose circumstances were narrow, at the Arts Academy of Copenhagen, where he was received without charge. He began early to exercise his skill, it is said, upon the figure-heads at which his father laboured, and at which the young Thorvaldsen would work when he carried his dinner to the carver at the wharf. At the academy he gained no prize, however, until 1787, and the great silver medal two years later, when the historical painter, Abildgaard, took a fancy to him, and gave him further instruction in the general principles of art. In 1791 Thorvaldsen gained the small gold medal for his composition of "Heliodorus chased from the Temple," and at the same time the patronage of the Minister of State, Count Reventlow. In 1793 his mezzo-relievo of "Peter Healing a Lame Man at the Gates of the Temple" obtained for the young man the great gold medal and the three-years' travelling studentship. But before he took advantage of the means thus afforded to him for visiting the wonders of art in the south, he devoted a couple of years to labour at home, and completed several pieces of sculpture.

On the 20th of May, 1796, Thorvaldsen left Copenhagen in a Danish ship of war; but the voyage of the young sculptor was so tedious and dangerous that he did not reach Rome till May, 1797, having passed by Malta, Naples, and Palermo. The presence of the great works of art which here surrounded him, if they inspired him with energy and emulation, filled him often at times with despair; and stories are told of works completed by the young man, and then broken to pieces and thrust aside in a corner of his studio. However others might praise him, he was the last to be contented with himself. His three years salary was come to an end, and he had made preparations to return to Denmark, with the clay model of the Jason statue, which he had completed for the academy (after having broken up the first figure of the natural size), when Mr. Hope ordered the marble of him, and enabled him, by his munificent remuneration, to remain in Rome. It is to this timely patronage that we probably owe much that has been left us by the greatest of modern masters.

Wealth and honour now flowed in upon him. All the great patrons of art throughout Europe were anxious for works from his hands, and he remained in Rome until the year 1819, occupied with prodigious activity. Having to make a monument for the Swiss who fell at Paris in 1792 (the wounded lion), he determined to visit the place where the monument was to be erected, and at the same time to take the opportunity of revisiting his native country. While in Copenhagen the Government ordered from him statues of the "Saviour," the "Baptist," and the "Twelve Apostles," for the Frauenkirche, then newly built; and it was with these works that he occupied himself, especially on his return to Rome.

He returned to Copenhagen, finally, in 1837, having completed, in the forty-two years of his labour, about two hundred great works and a great number of busts.

A series of outlines from Thorvaldsen's works (Stuttgart, 1839), from which the above biographical sketch is taken, mentions the English possessors of some of his principal pieces. Mr. Hope was the purchaser of the "Jason," the "Psyche," and the "Genius and Art;" the Duke of Bedford of the bas relief of "Briar;" Lord Lucan of the famous "Day and Night;" Lord Ashburton of the "Hebe;" and Lord F. Egerton of the "Ganymede."

The following interesting details have been furnished by an eminent sculptor, to whom Thorvaldsen was known:—

"Before leaving England, Lady R— took me to Chantrey's studio, that he might give me some advice how to study. A footman opened his door, and Chantrey's conversation was all about dukes and royalty. He never spoke a word to me, but sneered several times at the idea of any one going to Italy to study."

"Three weeks after that, one fine morning saw me knocking at a door in a common stair on the Pincian-hill at Rome, covered with names in chalk, a mode adopted by people instead of leaving their cards, on not finding any one at home. I was fortunate; and the artist himself opened the door, in a dressing-gown, old and worn, and his long grey hair flowing on his shoulders, round a square-shaped head, a broad and rather low forehead, under which shone a pair of the mildest grey eyes I had ever seen. Benevolence and simplicity marked his character. He carried a piece of clay in one hand, and a modelling stick in another. The room I entered, upon his courteously asking us to do so (Wyatt, the sculptor, was with me), had a plain tile floor; the tables were covered with prints and casts, and the walls were hung with early pictures of young artists and parts of his 'Triumph of Alexander.' He was making a small model in clay of his equestrian statue of 'Maximilian of Bavaria.' I used the name of Lady R—, as commissioned to do. He immediately invited me to call on him whenever I chose, at this, his private studio, and said that any work I wished to copy in the collection of his works I was at liberty to do; that all that was necessary was to inform the custode of the studio, and the work would be brought out for me; and that, if I had no materials of my own, everything in that shape was at my service. I lost no time, and commenced a study of his 'Mercury.' Every day this benevolent, and good, and true artist came into the principal studio about mid-day. He would come up to me, praise my work first, and then point out errors, and, as the most positive language, take the modelling tool himself, and by a few strokes inform me of my error, and in a manner which excited in me the most devotional feeling to this father in art."

This conduct was uniform, and during my residence in Rome (for two years) I never experienced any difference. I had the use of his study whenever I chose; and when I got up a statue at my own place, Thorvaldsen was ever ready to come from the Piazza Barberini to the Piazza del Popolo, where I was, to give me his advice. He has come these two miles in a day in July, found me out, written his name on my door with a piece of chalk, and that he would be back in one hour, as it might be. He would then go off to some other student to perform a like office, assist in arranging his draperies, and then return to me. All this he did for me, and he never expected, and I never paid him, one farthing. Similar traits in his character are innumerable, and I believe no artist yet asked his advice that he did not feel anxious to give it. He really lived, as I have heard him say an artist ought to do, *for art itself*. Though simple in his manners, he was the companion of princes, apparently estimating them only as they loved art, and approximated the artist. The present king of Bavaria was his pupil and friend. The Giardino di Malta, belonging to his Majesty, opposite Thorvaldsen's studio, was itself a studio. Everybody loved Thorvaldsen, and the enthusiasm of his countrymen, when he returned to Copenhagen, having bequeathed the results of his long life to them, speaks volumes as to the man.

"Among his principal works were the model of the 'Triumph of Alexander,' a bas relief, 140 feet long and 3 feet high, conceived and executed in three months, Thorvaldsen having volunteered to execute it for Napoleon's residence, the Pope's Palace, on the Quirinal, showing the most masterly modelling ever seen. His 'Mercury slaying Argus' is unrivalled, and among a collection of the antique appears where it ought to be. His equestrian statue of Poniatowsky is a large work, not equally worthy of him; but Poniatowsky standing is perfect, only eclipsed by Flaxman's 'Sir John Moore.' His great group of 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness' is characterised by a species of Raphaellesque expression, and one portion, a youth leaning on the shoulder of an old man, is the most divine thing ever seen; the intellectual expression of calm old age, and the awakening intelligence of the youth, elevates the soul to a degree not to be conceived unless seen. His 'Saviour and the Twelve Apostles,' a colossal work—Christ being 15 feet high, and the others 12 each—are wonderfully draped figures, characteristic to the highest degree of the different men: the draperies seem as if one could raise them, they are so exquisitely cast and executed. His great monument of the Pope Pius, in St. Peter's, contrasts unfavourably with Canova, who was the greatest artist of the two in the *nudo*—witness 'Palamedes,' the 'Nixus-Theseus,' and the 'Centaur,' contrasted with Thorvaldsen's 'Mars;' but in female form and simple beauty of expression Thorvaldsen was immeasurably his superior, witness the contrast of the two 'Hebes,' 'Night and Morning,' 'Hercules and Io,' and the multitude of beautiful little exquisite bas reliefs Thorvaldsen was ever producing. Art must feel his loss as European; and it is to the honour of our country that Mr. Hope gave him his first commission, 'Jason with the Golden Fleece.' I have always understood that Thorvaldsen was sent to Rome by the academy at Copenhagen, having got a passage to Naples in a Danish frigate, and that for the first two years in Italy he did nothing except study the German and Italian languages, and when his time was nearly expired he began his 'Jason,' which contrasted favourably with Canova's style; it was a novelty; it was seen and appreciated by Mr. Hope, and thus was fixed Thorvaldsen's career in Rome."

"He was almost five feet nine inches in height; and a portrait lately published of him, and which may be seen at Molteno's, is a perfect likeness."

RIGA ROBBIE.

In the course of last summer, while journeying through one of the northern counties of Scotland, I was happy to rest for the night in a village that I had known many years ago, and which I may speak of under the name of Port-Marley. It is a little sea-port on the east coast, possessing a small but safe harbour facing the German Ocean.

When I formerly visited Port-Marley, it was poor, and scarcely known beyond its own immediate neighbourhood. Being picturesquely situated, like most of our old towns and villages, at the confluence of a small stream with the sea, the houses were erected irregularly along the steep bank of the rivulet, and were of all shapes and sizes—here tolerably large, with a slip of garden or flower-plot in front, marking the residence of a person of superior means; there small and abutting on the street; sometimes slated, sometimes tiled or thatched, with antique little windows on the roof, to give light to a garret story, or entrance to pigeons, the favourites of the juvenile part of the community. At one particular point in the village the stream was seen hurrying through an open space, called the green, which, serving for ornament and use, might have been called the great square of the village. To those who knew Scotland half a century ago, it need hardly be told, that the road to Port-Marley was full of all sorts of irregularities and bends, more picturesque than suitable for draught, and that the village itself usually presented a scene of perfect quiet and dullness. Had a traveller passed through it, possibly the only inhabitant who would have met his eye would have been the half-employed tailor, airing himself for a space at the end of a projecting cottage overlooking the harbour, or a bare-footed lass spreading out her washing of clothes on the village green.

Things might have gone on in this quiet, and no doubt primitive way, for ages longer, but for a particular circumstance. About the year 1790, a working man of plain appearance, by name Robert Rennie, settled in the village. No one knew distinctly whence he came, or anything of his genealogy or connections, and as he was not by any means talkative, but of a thoughtful disposition, the curiosity of the villagers to learn the particulars of his history, supposing them to have had any curiosity on the subject, was not at least for the present gratified. Port-Marley, as Robert Rennie soon discovered, did not afford sufficient scope for his industry; and not feeling inclined to dawdle out existence within its humble precincts, he very wisely resolved to carry his labour to a more profitable market. Robert accordingly emigrated farther south to a stirring manufacturing town, where his employment was better. Here he remained some time in the establishment of a person who gave work to a considerable number of hands; and here he at least contrived to improve his mind by reading, if he did not improve his circumstances. To attain the latter object was not, indeed, easy; for he was already married, and had other mouths to feed, and backs to clothe, beside his own. But his mind was no more at rest than his hands, and he at length devised a scheme of not only personal, but public advantage. Port-Marley, he reflected, possessed wonderful capacities as a manufacturing town, which only required to be brought into play. It possessed a fine water-power; its inhabitants were not half employed, and could be set to labour at a little cost; the port was good, and formed a ready means of inlet and outlet; in short, he decided it was the very spot where a manufacturer would thrive, or a dealer in rural produce prosper, provided the enterprise were properly set about.

While all this was clear, it was also certain that the contriver of the scheme had not a shilling. He possessed, however, what is generally better than money, a good character, which he had earned by diligence in a situation of inferior trust given to him by his employer, a man of liberal mind and dealings. He had even earned a degree of gratitude from his master. On one occasion, he was the means of discovering and arresting a system of petty pilfering of materials, by which considerable loss was saved to the concern. Encouraged by the favourable notice which had been taken of his discernment and honesty in this affair, Robert broached the idea of setting up a small business of his own at Port-Marley, if Mr. — would stand his friend. After a few consultations, Mr. — promised to be security for a small credit, and with much kindness induced another party to be equally generous. On their joint responsibility, a credit was opened with a foreign house for flax, and our hero, as we may call him, returned to Port-Marley to enter on his undertaking. This he designed to do cautiously and economically. He had seen enough of the world to know that all great and flourishing concerns begin in a small way, as a lofty tree grows from a small and insignificant-looking seed. Prudently, therefore, did he commence operations in an old house rented for the purpose, without any external pretensions or show. It may well be supposed, however, that he was a proud man when the *Lively Nancy*, a small schooner, entered the harbour of Port-Marley laden with the first cargo of flax from Riga, for his manufacture; and well he might feel elated, when he saw the sensation which the great event produced in the hitherto tranquil community. Nearly the whole population came down to the beach, or stood at gaze at their doors to witness the singular spectacle. Boys shouted and hurraed; young men had great anticipations of what was to be done; and old men with bent spines and hands in pocket prophetically shook their cowed heads over the agitating events of the day.

"Wonderfu' times, neibour Johnston; wonderfu' times. The Port's going to be a grand town at last. I wish we may live to see't."

"I'm no sae sure, Sandy, about the upshot o' this great importation. Naebody kens where Robbie has gotten a' the siller to carry on in this kind o' way. In my opinion it should be looked to. What say ye t'il't, Tammie Norrie?"

"Deed," replied the worthy hero addressed, "I cannot but think it will turn out a daft business a'thegither; and that I said to the minister, honest man, when he was speerin' about Robbie's projects."

"And weel, Tammie, what said the minister? he, to be sure, should aye ken best."

"Houts, he just took a snuff, and said, Tammie, said he—Tammie, you know we should not judge folk hurriedly. Maybe he means weel, and will pay weel; and besides, said he, Robbie has brought a fine frae Dr. McCosh, said he, and has taen a seat in the kirk for himsel' and his family. That looks weel at any rate, said he."

"And I'm thinking the minister has the right end of the story," observed a younger member of the corps. "Robbie is an auld farrant cniel, and kens what he is about. He has spoken to my lassie, Tibby, to work at the lint, and she's to have half-a-crown a-week. It would hae been lang to, the day ere she could hae gotten that in the Port frae onybody else."

Such was the gossip of the village oracles on the mighty occasion when Rennie introduced his first cargo of raw material to be dressed and spun by the hitherto uncommercial population of Port-Marley. Under the direction of some skilled operatives, various youngsters were initiated in the flax-dressing business; and in a short time the infant factory was in full employment. As soon as a few bales of yarn could be made up, they were despatched to his friends, and the prices drawn for. The cash paid in wages, though not amounting to a

great sum at the outset, seemed to inspire new life into the moribund streets of the Port; and a gradual brightening up of affairs became visible. Industry began to send forth her sounds, and the hands of the people were observed to slumber much less in their pockets than formerly. Demands were made at the shops for articles which had till now been considered the extravagant luxuries of a capital. Shoes, hitherto unconscious of any menstruum but soot and milk, were now made acquainted with Warren's illustrious polish; and it was whispered that Nicholson, the great brush-maker of Newcastle, had got an order from Richie Dickson. But the increase of trade was not confined to the town. As the factory added to the number of its hands, so did the demand for articles of rural produce also increase. The farmers in the neighbourhood no longer compelled to resort to a distant market, brought their meal, barley, and other articles to Port-Marley, where there was a means of disposing of them to advantage. The arrival of ships with flax and other goods naturally increased these facilities of exchange. Rents of houses and patches of land rose in value, and the district was quietly changing its condition from comparative poverty to prosperity. The lands required liming, and there was lime in the country; but this method of agricultural improvement could not be put in practice till coal was imported on a large scale, and now importations of that article took place. Lime-kilns smoked, lands were reclaimed, cottages were reared, money circulated, and all might be traced to the enterprise of Riga Robbie.

Riga Robbie, nevertheless, bore his merits meekly. Pursuing the career he had chalked out, he paid off all his obligations, and extended his business on his own account and responsibilities. Everything seemed to prosper which he took in hand. His factory was vastly increased in size and capabilities, the water-power of the place being brought effectually in play. He likewise purchased a handsome brig, which, in compliment to his youngest daughter, he named the *Joe Janet*. This vessel on one occasion was exposed to calamity, which brought out in a striking manner the energetic character of its owner. In returning from the Baltic laden with timber, the brig sprung a leak after a very trivial gale, and became water-logged. The crew, after exhausting themselves at the pumps, and fearing the worst, took to their boats, and leaving the vessel to its fate, made to a sloop in the distance. Having a favourable wind, the sloop, with the crew of the brig, soon arrived at a port, and permitted the recreant master of the deserted vessel to set off to report the loss to its owner. The ship being new, Riga Robbie had not insured it; and the master travelled day and night to Port-Marley, which he entered in disguise, in order to induce our friend to insure it before the loss became known. Riga Robbie spurned the dishonest idea; and after rating the master soundly for his pusillanimity, reminding him that as the cargo was timber, the vessel could not possibly have sunk, he asked if the ship had been left under sail, and with her head towards the land. He was answered in the affirmative as to all these particulars. "And what land would she reach, do you guess?" asked our hero; and was answered, "Faithly Bay"—a bay at once safe and capacious, though in a dangerous neighbourhood. In half an hour master and owner were in a post-chaise on their way to the spot where it was supposed the vessel might land; and travelling through the night, they reached it at daylight, though distant about forty miles.

The eager owner of the brig was all eyes as he approached the shore, anxious to discover if at least the wreck and cargo of the fine vessel were not visible; but he saw them not, nor had any one heard of them. Wending his way to an old baronial tower perched on an adjoining promontory, here, with glass in hand, he looked out across the main for the remains of his unfortunate vessel. He had not waited long on his lofty station before a sail was seen on the verge of the horizon; it approached, and at last was plainly visible. "I'm almost certain that it is the *Joe Janet*," said Robbie; "I know her by her pendant. Take the glass." The captain, his companion, a good deal disconcerted, took the glass, and at the end of a patient scrutiny, confirmed the belief that it was the *Joe Janet* which was reeling onward, and, as it appeared, in a direction right inshore. "Let us hasten down to the harbour," said the agitated owner; "she may yet be saved from going on the Breeling crag." The pair hurried off to the small harbour, and procuring a boat and pilot, with several stout rowers, they pulled direct for the vessel, now at no great distance. The effort was successful—for how seldom is the ready head and the ready hand otherwise! The *Joe*, the pride of Port-Marley, was safely reached, and safely conducted into harbour. In another half hour she would have gone to pieces on the dangerous reef at the western entrance to the bay.

This astonishing piece of good management being reported all over the country, Riga Robbie was universally considered as one of the most fortunate of men—it was thought that nothing could go wrong in his hands. His good fortune, however, did not save him from the usual fate of persons more prosperous than their neighbours. While benefiting thousands by his enterprise and industry, he was widely envied, and the object of general satire. When he purchased and entered into possession of a mansion in the neighbourhood of Port-Marley, which had belonged to the umquille and impoverished laird of Birlweary, who had recently died in a drunken fit at the trust of Balloch, the gentry sneered at his pretensions; and the populace, ever more ready to venerate antiquity than worth, did not fail to echo the cry of upstart. But Riga Robbie was a man of business, and let all such sarcasms buzz themselves to sleep. Nor did they prevent him from pursuing the schemes of improvement which he observed to be desirable for the district. The roads were straightened and put in good order, a weekly market was instituted, a branch bank was settled in the town, a commodious inn was built, a light-house established on the headland near the port, and sundry improvements effected in the educational establishments, all through his interference. It need scarcely be hinted that Riga Robbie could not have attained the position he occupied without an auxiliary in his wife and family. In his family relations he was particularly fortunate, and his elegant fireside was for many years one of the happiest in the country.

I entertain so high a regard for the character and memory of Riga Robbie, that I cannot without grief recollect the losses which he endured towards the end of his days. Using common language, he may be said to have been the favourite of fortune up till the period of the great mercantile disasters of 1825, when, by a variety of misfortunes, he was stripped of nearly all that a lifetime of honourable industry had accumulated. After this distressing event he never held up his head. He was a stricken man, yet he was not without the usual consolations of an upright mind, and he was never heard to repine. It was a much greater blow when he lost his wife, the partner alike of his poverty and his wealth, his hopes and his fears. Shortly after this event, he gave up all connexion with business, and bidding adieu to Port-Marley, took up his residence in —, where two of his sons had already entered on a career worthy of their sire. In this busy manufacturing town he spent a few years amid congenial society; but infirmities coming upon him apace, he removed to the pleasant abode of his younger daughter, now happily married and settled near Pannanich, and here, in the summer of 1829, did Riga Robbie tranquilly breathe his last on the affectionate bosom of his own "*Joe Janet*."

ASTRONOMY FOR THE MILLION.

Contemplations on the Solar System. By J. P. Nichol, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow; author of the "Architecture of the Heavens," &c., &c. Second edition. Edinburgh: Tait.

So much has this work been altered, revised, and expanded, that though entitled a *Second Edition*, Professor Nichol correctly enough describes it, in his Preface, as really a new work; and one that he considers a fitter sequel to his *Architecture of the Heavens* than it was on its first appearance. He has, too, in the New Chapters, indulged in a bolder vein of speculation, and produced a more originally (though somewhat discursive) treatise upon the Astronomy of the Solar System; and he vindicates the freedom, or latitude of speculation, which he has indulged on philosophical principles—the same principles, if we recollect aright, which Herschel has assumed in soaring to the heights, or plunging into the depths, of the same sublime themes. Disclaiming dogmatism, which at all times so ill befits the philosophic inquirer, Professor Nichol urges that even where speculation misstates the truth, it yet forcibly draws the attention of the Inquirer to the Unknown, and hinders that premature appeal to Final Causes, which is not only the closing up of all Philosophy, but also the root of most inadequate notions concerning the plans and operations of the Creator.

In disregard or impatience of the trite and common-place, or what the progress of discovery have made such, some students may deem that Professor Nichol has occasionally overlooked the main, if humbler, business of an instructor in science, while borne away on the strong wings of Imagination through the boundless and trackless realms of space. But, in his boldest flights, he ever starts from the firm foundation of ascertained truth, and also takes the most eminent names in science for his guides, so far as they have yet penetrated. The Treatise is divided into three leading Parts: the 1st treating of the infancy of Astronomical Science, down to the era of Copernicus. The 2d Part, is quaintly named *The finding of the Key*, i. e., the great Law of Gravitation, groped after by Tycho and Kepler, and found by Newton. In this grand division of the work there is a chapter on Comets, which affords us an apt specimen of the original parts of the new volume:—

Early in the recent year, 1843, an object appeared in the Heavens that must have astonished many worlds besides ours. Situated in the region below the constellation Orion, it had the appearance of a long auroral streak, visible immediately after sunset, and evidently pursuing a course through our system. Unfavourable weather concealed it from me until the 25th of March, when it presented the dim and strange appearance I have shown in the frontispiece. The beginning or head of this streak, although never observed here, was often seen in southerly latitudes, where it appeared like a very small star with an enormous misty envelope; behind which that immense tail streamed through the sky. There is no reason to believe that this nucleus was in reality a star, but only a denser portion of the nebulous substance of which the whole object was composed; for with other apparitions of the same kind, whose brighter parts looked like a star, the application of a very small telescopic power has always been enough to dissipate the illusion, and to resolve what seemed their solid region into a thin vapour.

This extraordinary visitor was measured, and the nature of its path detected; and certainly the results of these inquiries caused us, to look on it with still greater wonder. The diameter or breadth of its nucleus was rather more than a hundred thousand miles; and the tail streaming from it, which in some parts was thirty times as broad, stretched through the celestial spaces to the enormous distance of one hundred and seventy millions of miles, or about the whole size of the Earth. Nor were its motions less singular. Unlike any globe connected with the Sun, it did not move in a continuous curve, which, like the circle or ellipse, re-enters into itself, and thus constitutes, to the body that has adopted it, a fixed, however eccentric home; but spying our luminary afar off, as it lay amid those outer abysses, it approached along the arm of a hyperbola; rushed across the orderly orbits of our system into closest neighbourhood with the Sun, being at that time apart from him only by a seventy part of our distance from the Moon; and defying his attraction, by force of its own enormous velocity, which then was nothing less, in one part of its mass, than one-third of the velocity of light, it entered on the other divergent arm of its course, and sped towards new minuscities.

Here a diagram, showing the path of the Comet referred to, is given; and then the description of the course of this rather alarming visitor is thus resumed:—

It was when retiring that this unexpected visitant was seen for a brief period in Europe. In the course of its approach, it must have passed between us and the Sun, causing a Cometic eclipse, and, in so far, an interception of his heating rays; but that occurred during our night.

And now what is to be made of this extraordinary apparition? what is its nature? what is its relation to our system? and what new revelation does it bring concerning the structure of the Universe? Its relations with our system appear to have been few and transitory; and in this it resembles the probable millions of such masses, that have, since observation began, crossed the planetary orbits towards the Sun, and after bending round him, gone in pursuit of some other fixed star. No more than three are known to belong, properly speaking, to the scheme dependent on our luminary—Encke's, Biela's, and Halley's; but though these do resolve around him in fixed periods, the circumstance must be regarded in the light of an accident, their orbits being wholly unlike any other, and having little assurance of stability; for as they cross the planetary paths, every one of them may yet undergo the fate of Lexell's, which by the action of Jupiter, was first twisted from its diverging orbit into a comparatively short ellipse; and then, after making two consecutive revolutions around the Sun, so that it might have begun to deem itself a denizen, was, by the same planet, twisted back again, and sent off, never to revisit us, away to the chill abysses! Strange objects, with homes so undefined—flying from star to star twisting and winding through tortuous courses, until, perhaps, no depth of that Infinite has been untraversed! What, then, is it your destiny to tell us? To what new page of that infinite book are you an index? We missed, indeed only very narrowly, an opportunity of information, which might have been not the most convenient; for the Earth escaped being involved in the huge tail of our recent visitor, merely by being fourteen days behind it. For one, I should have had no apprehension, even in that case, of the realisation of geological romances, viz., of our Equator being turned to the Pole, and the Pole to the Equator—the Ocean, meanwhile, leaping from its ancient bed. But if that mist, thin though it was, had, with its next to inconceivable swiftness, brushed across our globe, certainly strange tumults must have occurred in the atmosphere; and probably no agreeable modification of the breathing medium of organic beings. Right, certainly, to be most curious about comets; but prudent, withal, to inquire concerning them, from a greater

distance than that: although one night in November 1837, I cannot be persuaded that the Earth did not venture on a similar, but comparatively small experiment. It was when our globe passed from the peaceful vacant spaces into that mysterious meteor region. The sky became inflamed and red as blood; excursions, like Auroras, darted across it; not as usual, streaming from one district, but shifting constantly, and sweeping the whole Heavens.

We are, for our own parts, perfectly contented that our humble orb should always keep at the same respectful distance of fourteen, or twice that number of days in the rear of such fiery and eccentric strangers.

Without the illustrative plates and diagrams, we could not make the farther bold speculations on the nature of Comets intelligible to our readers; and must therefore be content to cite this eloquent summary, which closes a relation of the discoveries of Halley, Heinsius, and Bessel:—

Look at the magnetic needle. By a touch, it has been gifted with its new character, or rather by the mere presence of another body: it will now rest in only one position in regard of this other; but its weight is not altered. Are not those Cometic masses, then, akin to the magnetic fluid—decomposed by an energy in the Sun; and thus—without their gravity being altered, because of the exact balance of the developed forces—constrained to exist towards him, in one particular direction, as the position of the needle is determined by the place of the inducing magnet? We shall find that this illustration is more than a vague one; for phenomena have now demonstrated that the Sun is so acting on these strange mists, and with a grandeur hitherto unnoticed in the Universe.

When the Comet of Halley reappeared, it duly fulfilled its apparent mission of stirring new thoughts; and we owe our instruction in this case chiefly to the illustrious Bessel. After it became visible in Europe, it continued for some time to present the aspect of a mere nebulous spot, with no speciality of configuration; but on approaching the Sun, an intense internal activity appeared. One evening, for instance, its lustre increased almost with the rapidity of a flash; but its other changes were more interesting, because more intelligible. The most striking of these was a vivid emanation or outstreaming of matter from the Comet towards the Sun.

This was not the tail, which lay on the other side of the comet; but a distinct and direct flow of particles from the mass of the nucleus, in virtue of some peculiar attractive energy—not gravity—exercised over them by our luminary. But what followed was far more remarkable. After stretching towards the Sun through a long but well-defined distance, the emanation seemed to be obstructed,—it wavered, as if on the verge of hostile or repulsive territories—took on a curious motion of vibration, something like a pendulum, to and fro—bent and curved inwards, and assumed the shape of a fan.

Think now of the pith ball of an electric machine. It approaches the charged conductor until it is saturated, and then darts backwards into space. And what else is this? Tremendous indeed the scale; but, after all, merely the repetition and enlargement of something like that small phenomenon: the majestic Cometic emanation first approaches the Sun in virtue of the exercise of an electric or magnetic, or other POLAR FORCE, and then, with immense activity, streams backwards and passes into the tail.

The speculation thus unexpectedly realized by the comets, will in future times lead in discoveries of the profoundest interest regarding the system of the Universe. It has bestowed on the Sun a new character, and enlarged indefinitely the sphere of his action. By how many cosmical mysteries is our own world engirt, which, in the energy now revealed, may receive their explanation! Look at the Auroras, with their strange magnetic influences! nay, think of the potent magnetic dispositions of our globe, and of their variations, so closely connected with our luminary's diurnal and annual course. The intimation of a new cosmical power—I mean of one so unsuspected before, but which yet can follow a comet through its wanderings—throw us back once more into the indefinite obscure, and checks all dogmatism. How many influences hitherto undiscerned by our ruder senses may be ever streaming toward us, and modifying every terrestrial action. And yet, because we had traced one of these, we have deemed that our Astronomy is complete? Deeper far, and nearer to the root of things, is that world with which Man's destinies are entwined.

Again into those august spaces that wandering thing has passed to undergo its fates. Dim though it is, without a mountain, without an ocean, without a morn or eve, encompassed by strange ethers, doubtless, in its journey, it too rejoices in the Universal Life; and, with whatever object, is like all visible things, preparing for another form of being. As to us, we have said to it our everlasting farewells.

Had Dante been acquainted with the Modern Astronomy, he would have placed his Hell in the Craters of the Moon. We cannot give the plate (from a drawing by Major Davis) representing this waste, howling, lunar wilderness, yet a good idea of it may be formed from the vivid and powerful description of Professor Nichol:—

Wandering through a district, perhaps the most chaotic in the Moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion,—where there is no plain larger than a common field, that, too, rent by fissures and strown with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices—we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the Sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then O Traveller! averting your eyes from the burning Sun; and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond! Landscape! It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder. We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world for ever and ever! Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus—no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base of the chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose JACQUES BALMAT, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he ascended, but one unbroken precipice 13,000 feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity; and at some ten miles distance from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by 2000 feet than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea! Would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather, would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour, fascinated as by ten thousand rattlesnakes? But onwards:—and to the bottom of this mysterious place. No foot of man can take us there: so that we must borrow a wing from the Condor, or, better still, Mr. Hansen's Aerial Machine.—Off then, down, down, and arrive! It is indeed a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one 4000 feet

high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall without breach—only with a few pinnacles on its top, towering 17,000 feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty—even miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky; no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud shelters it: only benign Night with its Stars, and the mild face of the Earth!—But we tarry no longer,—so again Mr. Hansen: and rest for a moment on the top of that highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho! What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters; and the whole visible surface is studded with them, all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep. Nay, Mr. Hansen assures us that some exist of at least equal depth, whose diameter is not more than 3000 feet! What conception can we form of chasms so tremendous! Can there be life in them; or are they, by some primal curse, shut out, like the Dead Sea, from all other realms of the ETERNAL? Life!—is its profusion so necessary! I have been amid solitudes in this land, where no bird is seen, nor heard the cry of any winged creature—scarcely even an insect's hum; where only the casual hiss of the snake, and the hurried and uneasy creeping of the beetle, announce that life exists! Look yet farther. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the Moon? Favourites they are of the Sun; for he illumines them more than all else beside, and assimilates them to his own burning glory.—And see! they go on every side from Tycho: In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the Sun has farther ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large space of similar splendour from which these rays depart. What they are, Mr. Hansen knows not; but they spread over at least one third of the Moon's whole surface. And so this chasm, which in first rashness we termed an hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that Orb on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent Universe even by those silver though mystic cords!

The plates representing the Moon's surface, or its landscapes, if we may so speak, are exceedingly interesting. Some of them are coloured, may we say, after nature? and we find the following speculation on those singular, varied, but unrepresentable hues which the telescope discovers:—

What means that colouring? Is it organic or organic? Is it an indication of different geological formations, or of something else? If the former, we ought to find the variety, although disturbed, also among the mountain districts. My impression at present is, that it is not there, although I would speak with diffidence. Can it be foliage? If organisation exists in that strange globe, it is clear that we must reach the knowledge of it first through its forests and savannahs—objects probably very largely compared with architecture, or the abodes of sentient beings. And it is precisely in the plains, undisturbed by the tossings of that barren granite, that such objects should be found. There is another fine illustration, in the patch near Aristarchus, which seems almost a picture of the varied colouring of a beautiful undulating country. And yet, how strange this conception appears! A world with vegetation without water, and with so small an atmosphere! Stranger still, if that globe has no communion with organized things; if LIFE, which, by its mighty assimilative energies, has so bent under its dominion the rocks of our own world, should be powerless in that globe, even under those hard conditions. It surely cannot!

We shall not pursue this theme farther, but inquire how such headings strike the ear as the seasons or the clouds and seas of the planets, the snows of Mars, the winds of Venus, or the trade-winds of Jupiter! They must at least stimulate intelligent curiosity about the conditions of these planets. The probability of LIFE in all these spheres, is a subject at once more dark, and more exciting; and it calls forth one of the most bold and eloquent of the CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

We are somewhat divided, in selecting a final extract from this remarkable volume, between the author's singularly-clear manner of illustrating or proving the facts and discoveries of Astronomical Science—instances of which abound in the volume—and those speculations which are more characteristic of the genius of the writer, and of the general scope of his book. Many will, no doubt, prefer the more technical part of its contents,—the scientific and precise information. It would, however, be marring the unity of our hasty and imperfect notice to diverge into this department; and we shall therefore close, as we began, with the

QUESTIONS AS TO LIFE IN THE PLANETS.

In the course of the previous exposition, I have spoken often, and without shrinking, concerning the probable existence of Life through all these spheres. Let us look for one moment, before concluding the subject, at the real nature of the question, which is of all the most interesting. It appears equivalent to this:—Are we, without passing into extravagance, entitled to assume that Forces, which in so far as we have positively traced them, enter as essentials into the constitution of our Earth, are not confined within its conditions? I think of Gravity. Before Science raised the veil from the distant, we knew it only in the fact of the fall of a stone, or in the roundness of a drop of water; now, we have followed it through the complex motions of the Moon, and through the order of the entire system. It pursues the comets through the abysses; it governs the orbits of the double and triple stars; it guides the Sun in his path through the skies, ay, and even those stupendous evolutions of firmaments, during which the stars congregate into dazzling clusters, or arrange themselves in galaxies. Boundless the sphere of this Force; and shall an energy yet nobler, more subtle, probably with a root much more profound, be fancied so weak, so feeble, so dependent on circumstances, that only in our world, or some one like it, it is free to work out its wonderful products? Look at its history in that very Earth. In the chalk cliffs, in caverns unseen by the Sun, in marshes that to Man are desolation and death, Life yet teems and rejoices—its forms growing in adaptation to their conditions. Long ages ago the odd Trilobite swarmed in our oceans, and the large-eyed Ichthyosaurus dashed through their waters. These are all gone; but plastic Nature, ever forming with ceaseless activity, has, by the most mysterious of her actions, brought up new forms to play their parts among her vast scenes. Through Space, as through Time, she is doubtless working; and with all their joys and sorrows, evolving far mightier results than the formation of inorganic worlds. I see this in the blush of the morning which beams on all these globes, and there, too, awakens the glad creatures from their repose. I see it in the downfall of evening, that speaks of refreshment from toil, but also of the living-tune of activities not fitted for the Sun. I see it in the progress of the Earth, and in its course, through much conflict, towards perfection: for its rocks and

stones tell not only of change but of the struggles of its creatures to become linked to something higher:—Yes! ye Worlds, wondrous and innumerable, that shine aloft, and shower around us your many mystic influences,—ye, too, are the abodes of sentience suited to your conditions, ay, and of Intelligence, different, far different from ours, and in states of approach to the Divinity of all possible gradations; but of which every constituent, where every creature of whatever kind, is pressing outward like the bud in Spring, and stretching with longings that are unutterable towards the INFINITE and the ETERNAL!

Many fine illustrative plates, and useful diagrams, give additional value to this sequel to the *Architecture of the Heavens*; this eloquent exposition of our own sublime system,—our small province in Universal Being. And how emphatically it merits the epithet sublime, we may gather from this brief passage, which follows a familiar description of the Solar Heavens:—

But these numbers, however much they astound the reason and overwhelm the imagination, are, indeed, only dry bones; and represent not the living object. Conceive in space, unsupported, unrelated, solitary, and serene, the majestic Sun, diffusing around him a flood of light, at first sight boundless, dense as himself on his surface, but gradually thinning as it pierces the surrounding depths; passing far beyond Uranus, which is still enlightened as by a thousand of our Moons—then fading and fading, until it melts into the Infinite Obscure. Placed at various depths within this sphere of light, are various bodies, each confined to its appointed profundity, and at a fixed distance rolling around its luminary with the speed of lightning. Rightly to understand the scene, we must escape from the Earth, and, leaving day and night, pass to the verge of that radiance. As if through a globe of some precious stone that has concentrated light in its centre, looking inwards, how wonderful those activities appear! Onwards dash the planets, sweeping through light with inconceivable swiftness; each, also, as it rolls, whirling on its axis—its dark side ever flashing towards the Sun; and again, through some mysterious agency, obediently returning into Night. Mighty Universe!—even if this were all! but see also its minutiae. Those dependant rolling orbs have often attendants which sweep swiftly around them, and revolve also, and most variously, in the light of the Sun. And on the surfaces of all, ever as they move, Powers rage and foam, doing the behests of God, and at his word being still.

Such is the magnificent subject of this work; and such the lucid, attractive, and often eloquent and impressive manner in which it is discussed.

Miscellaneous Articles.

MILE.—The following exhibit of the number of yards contained in a mile in different countries, will often prove a matter of useful reference to readers.

A mile in England or America,.....	1,760 yards.
Russia,.....	1,100
Italy,.....	1,477
Scotland and Ireland,.....	2,200
Poland,.....	4,400
Spain,.....	5,028
Germany,.....	5,066
Sweden & Denmark,.....	7,223
Hungary,.....	7,800
League in America or England,.....	5,280

LUDICROUS POLITENESS.—Insincerity and extravagant adulation often betray people into uttering the most ridiculous absurdities imaginable. A great man addressing the House of Lords, said, "It is my most painful duty to inform your lordships that it has pleased the Almighty to release the King from his sufferings." This was equivalent to saying that he was sorry the King's sufferings were over.

AUGUSTIN ARGUELLES.

The funeral of this incorruptible patriot took place on the 25th ult. in which a correspondent of the *Times* writes as follows, regarding this man of whom Spain was not worthy:—"To-day the city of Madrid witnessed the interment of D. Augustin Arguelles, and, I may fairly say, assisted at it. Every one says that the concourse—the multitudes—that assembled and accompanied his remains in solemn procession to the tomb, have no parallel in the annals of this capital. It was an almost universal tribute to the memory of a man, whose name had never been sullied with intrigues for place, power or wealth. As guardian to the royal children, during the regency of Espartero, he was, I understand, entitled to above £14,000 a year. Of this, he would only accept a tenth part, and at his death just 22 dollars were found in his house, and old claims on the government for 7,000 dollars. All that the *Heraldo* could find as matter of reproach against Arguelles was, that, being a bachelor, he was unfit to exercise a fatherly care over the royal orphans; and further that he had no merit in refusing nine-tenths of his salary, for he cleaned his own boots and had no wants." Would that Spain had left a few more such honest shoe-blacks, to put to blush the hordes of adventurers, political and military, who degrade her in the eyes of Europe. As the queen-mother was making her triumphal entry into the capital on Saturday, a partisan rode up to her carriage with the joyful news—the happy coincidence—the hand of Providence displayed in the death of her enemy, Arguelles. "Hush!" said Maria Christina, "do not let the children hear it, for they loved him!"

ADDISON, SWIFT, AND VOLTAIRE.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry, is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect; and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the condemnation service. The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost impercep-

* "And yet, why should foliage be green in the moon?" asks Professor Nichol. There is no reason whatever. Much foliage on earth exhibits different hues, as purple, brown, and other tints.

tible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a Cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding. But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see any thing but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison;—a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of human virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find, in all the volumes which he has left us, a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement—in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Edinburgh Review

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

Professor Van Grusselbach, of Stockholm, has very lately brought to a state of perfection, the art of producing a torpor in the whole system, by the application of cold of degrees of intensity, proceeding from a lesser to a greater, so as to cause the human body to become perfectly torpid without permanent injury to any organ or tissue of the frame. In this they may remain one hundred or a thousand years, and again, after a sleep of ages, be awakened to existence, as fresh and blooming as they were when they first sunk into this frigorific slumber.

The attention of the learned Professor was first led to the subject by finding a toad enclosed in a solid fragment of calcareous rock, ten feet in diameter, which when taken out showed unequivocal signs of life—but it is supposed that the concussion caused by blasting the rock occasioned its death in a few hours after. The opinion of Baron Grnithizen, who is at present Geologist to the King of Sweden, was that it must have been in that situation for at least seven thousand years—and his calculations were drawn from the different layers of strata by which it was surrounded. From this hint the Professor proceeded to make experiments, and after a painful and laborious course for the last 29 years of his life, he at last succeeded in perfecting the great discovery. Not less than sixty thousand reptiles, shell fish, &c. were experimented on before he tried the human subject. The process is not laid entirely before the public as yet, but I had the honour, in company with a friend, of visiting the Professor.

I shall give a slight description of one of the outer rooms containing some of his preparations. Previous to entering we were furnished with an Indian rubber bag, to which was attached a mask with glass eyes. This was put on to prevent the temperature of the room from being risen the slightest degree by our breathing. It was a circular room lighted from the top by the sun's rays, from which the heat was entirely disengaged by its passage through glass, &c., coloured by the oxide of copper, (a late discovery and very valuable to the Professor.) The room is shelved all around, and contains nearly one thousand specimens of animals. One was a Swedish girl, aged from appearance about nineteen years—she was consigned to the professor by order of the Government to experiment upon, having been guilty of murdering her child. With the exception of slight paleness she appears as if asleep, although she has been in a state of complete torpor for two years. He intends to resuscitate her in five more years, and convince the world of the soundness of his wonderful discovery. The professor to gratify us, took a small snake out of his cabinet into another room, and although it appeared to us to be perfectly dead and rigid as marble by application of a mixture of cayenne pepper and brandy, it showed immediate signs of life, and was apparently as active as ever it was in a minute, although the professor assured us it had been in a state of torpor for six years.—*Baton Rouge Gazette.*

The above is an extract of a letter from a young American now travelling in Europe.

IMPROVEMENT IN PIANO-FORTE PLAYING.

But if execution on the violin has essentially gained as little as the instrument in form and finish—how different is the predicament of the piano-forte. The ancient harpsichord on which Salvator Rosa painted a skull and music books, is hardly more distant, as regards tone, power, and wear, from one of the magnificent instruments which the Erards, Broadwoods, and Collards have perfected, than the player of 1743 from the player of 1843. So immense has been the increase of executive power upon the piano-forte, that the human part of the machine (to speak figuratively) has been reconstructed. The ten digitals are now coolly treated as capable of extensions, changes of position, interlacements, reiterations, &c., &c., which our grandfathers would have pronounced impossible. With their examples before us, it may be asserted, that any further conquests over the instrument—thanks to improved manufacture on the part of the makers, and improved methods on the part of the masters—are not to be attained. The amount of power gained has caused an entire change in composition for the piano-forte. It was of old a graceful, pleasant instrument, valuable from the player's command over harmony as well as melody, but most agreeably heard when supported by the orchestra. It is now treated as a full band in itself. The pianist is to be flute, clarinet, oboe, violins, bassoons, *contrabassi*, and "long drum," all in one; or, to speak seriously, his labours are now so amplified that the admixture of any other instruments in place of a support, becomes an interference. There is loss as well as gain in all this; much grandeur acquired at the expense of nature, grace, and delicacy. The unac-

companied concerto being too monotonous, as it would be if written on the fashionable plan of passage-music, the *fantasia* on operatic melodies, or the imaginary scene founded on some story or sentiment, or the Study in which some ingenious and hyper-difficult form of notes is wrought out, have been the inevitable resource of pianists wishing to surpass their predecessors. He who can play twelfths, where others only play tenths, must thus make his own opportunity; and hence Liszt after Thalberg, and Dreychock after Liszt, have been compelled to build up music—not for its, but for their sakes; in order to display the last addition to the stock of musical acquirement; and hence a monotonous extravagance of style in the newest piano-forte compositions, calculated to pall upon the keenest appetite. Nevertheless, in all this there is a sound portion, and an amount of novelty as to forms and principles, which, if rightly understood and employed, may be productive of the most agreeable results. The new fashioned manner as treating a melody, that is, by presenting it fully clad with accompaniments, in the hands of a conscientious thinker, such as Moschelles or Mendelssohn, may be turned to charming account; the increased extensions of hand, by enriching the chords, give the player from score a power to represent the combinations of the full orchestra—and thence an effect hitherto unattainable. And since we perceive that the taste for more rhapsodical playing, or for the clearest embroidery of opera tones, is fast declining in Europe, and about to be handed over to the Americans, by the intervention of Thalberg, we have good hope that the true spirit and uses of the piano-forte will not be utterly forgotten in the mechanical accomplishments of the recent race of prodigious players.

Foreign and Colonial Review.

QUEEN-TREES.

It may not be generally known that some of the queens of England have been in the habit of choosing a fine and thriving oak or beech tree in Windsor Forest, to which they have given their name; which, with the date of the month and year of the selection, is engraved on a brass plate, and screwed securely on the tree. Thus, in one of the most beautiful and retired parts of the forest, Queen Anne's oak may be seen, the oak of the amiable wife of George II. Queen Caroline, the oak of Queen Charlotte, the oak of the excellent Queen Adelaide, as well as that of her present majesty; they have all seats around them.

Jesse's Country Life

HOMAGE TO MOZART.

A Vienna journal mentions a circumstance which reflects great honour on the celebrated singer, Madame Hasselt Barth. That lady has recently erected, at her own expense, a monument over the too-long neglected grave of Mozart. On a tablet of grey marble are inscribed, in letters of gold, the words, "Jung, gross, spit erkannt, nie erreicht." (Young, great, late acknowledged, never equalled.) This inscription, briefly characterizing the talent of Mozart, is surmounted by a medallion head of the great composer. It may here be mentioned that the hitherto unauthenticated dates of Mozart's death and burial are now verified beyond doubt. The uncertainty which prevailed respecting the place of his interment is now also removed. His grave was supposed to be in the Matzlemdorfer church-yard; but it is now certain that his ashes repose in the Marxer burialplace.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE COBLER AND CHARLES V.

The precedence given, in the pageant processions of Flanders, to the cobblers over the shoemakers, gives curious confirmation to an anecdote related of Charles the Fifth, who was fond of parading the towns in clog, and getting the genuine sentiments of the people on him and his government. Rambling at Brussels this way, his boot required immediate mending, and he was directed to the nearest cobbler. It was St. Crispin's day, and the cobbler resolutely refused to work, "even for Charles himself!" but he invited him to join his merry-making companions; the offer was accepted, and after much free but good-humoured discourse on political and other matters, the emperor departed. Next day, much to his surprise, the cobbler was sent for to court, where, contrary to his fears, the emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him a day to consider what he might ask as a suitable reward. He expressed a wish that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the Emperor's crown upon it. This modest request was granted, and he was told to ask another, when he declared his utmost wish to be that the company of cobblers should take precedence of the shoemakers.

Fairholt's Lord Mayor's Pageants.

HAYDN, MOZART, AND HANDEL.

Bombet, in his *Lives of Haydn and Handel*, relates the following interesting anecdote of these three great masters:—One day at Prince Schwartzberg's, when Handel's Messiah was performed, upon expressing my admiration of one of the sublime chorusses of that work, Haydn said to me thoughtfully, *this man is the father of us all*. I am convinced that, if he had not studied Handel, he would never have written the *Creation*; his genius was fired by that of this master. It was remarked by every one here, that after his return from London, there was more grandeur in his ideas; in short, he approached, as far as is permitted to human genius, the unattainable object of his songs. Handel is simple; his accompaniments are written in three parts only; but, to use a Neapolitan phrase of Gluck's, *there is not a note that does not draw blood*. * * Mozart most esteemed Porpora, Durante, Leo, and Alessandro Scarlatti; but he placed Handel above them all. He knew the principal works of that great master by heart. He was accustomed to say, Handel knows best of all of us what is capable of producing a great effect. When he chooses, he strikes like the thunderbolt.

BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Of all the amusements that can be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sameness. It transports him into livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scenes; and, while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moments fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities, and without the drunkard's miseries of mind and body. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and, if what he has been reading be any thing above the idlest and lightest, it gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

Sir John Herschel.

CHESS.

The following was the conquering game of the match played between M. St. Amant and Mr. Staunton, during the recent visit of the French artist to the St. George's Club. It is fair to state that Mr. Staunton complains of having been extremely unwell while playing this particular game; and hence that his powers were not fairly tested.

Mr. S.	M. St. A.	Mr. S.	M. St. A.
1. Q P two	K B P two	31. Q to R 4th	R to K B 2d
2. Q B P two	Q B P one	32. Q to R 3d (f)	Q B P one (g)
3. Q Kt to B 3d	K P one	33. P takes P	P takes P
4. Q B to K B 4th	Q P two	34. KRtoKR5th(h)	Q P one
5. K P one	K Kt to B 3d	35. P takes P	P takes P (i)
6. K Kt to B 3d	K B to K 2d	36. K R to Kt 5th	Q to Q B sq (k)
7. K B to K 2d	Castles	37. Q R to K B 3d	B to Q Kt 4th
8. Castles	K B to Q 3d	38. K to B 2d	Q to B 7th, ch
9. K Kt to K 5th	Q P takes P	39. K to Kt 3d	B to K 7th (l)
10. K B takes P	K Kt to Q 4th	40. B takes Q P	B takes R
11. B to K Kt 3d	B takes Kt	41. P takes B	K Kt P one
12. B takes B	Q Kt to Q 2d	42. K to R 4th	Q to Q 7th (m)
13. Q BtoKt3d(a)	K Kt to Kt 3d	43. B to K 5th	Q to Q 8th
14. K B to Q Kt 3d	K R P one	44. K to Kt 3d	Q to K 8th, ch
15. Q R P one	Q to K 2d	45. K to R 4th	Q to Q 7th
16. Q R to Q B	Q B to Q 2d	46. R to K Kt 3d	Q to Q, ch
17. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	47. Q to Kt 2d (o)	K R to Q 2d
18. B takes Kt	K P takes B	48. K to R 3d	Q to Q Kt 3d
19. B to K 5th	K to R 2d	49. Q to Q B 2d	Q to K 3d
20. K B P two	Q R P one (b)	50. Q R P one	K Kt P one
21. R to K B 3d	K R to B 2d	51. R to K Kt sq	Kt P one, ch
22. K R to Kt 3d	Q R to K Kt sq	52. R to Q B	P takes P, ch
23. Q to K R 5th	Q to K 3d	53. K to Kt 3d (p)	Q to K Kt 3d
24. Q R to K B	B to K sq (c)	54. K takes P	Q to K Kt 5th
25. Q to K R 4th	Q to K 2d	55. K to his 3d (q)	Q R to Q sq
26. K R to Kt 5th	Q to K 3d	56. R to K B sq	R to Q 6th, ch
27. Q R to K B 3d	K R to Q 2d	57. B to B 3d	Q to K B 6th, ch
28. Q to K R 3d	K R to K B 2d	58. K to B 2d	{ wins (r)
29. Q R to Kt 3d(d)	Q Kt P one		
30. Q to R 5th (e)	K R to Q Kt 2d		

- (a) It were perhaps better to attack Rook.
 (b) All moves are weak which are meaningless. What does this intend?
 (c) If he move King's Knight's Pawn one, you sacrifice Queen for Rook's Pawn, and mate with Castle.
 (d) Mr. S. has a fine position, and is playing remarkably well.
 (e) Queen may be had for two Rooks by moving Rook to Knight's sixth, but she would not be worth the price.
 (f) Mr. S. subsequently regretted he had not here given the Rooks for Queen as above, and then seated Queen at her eighth. He certainly fritters away his fine position, not at all in his usual mode of play.
 (g) Pawns are coming in here, like waves in a spring tide. To take this Pawn is bad, and to let it alone were bad too. St. A's game now for choice.
 (h) It is necessary to disentangle the attack, and stand on the defensive.
 (i) Even a blind man can see that if Bishop retake Pawn, the Queen mates.
 (k) Skilfully grasping the lucky moment.
 (l) The game is won. Mr. S. cannot save loss of Rook for Bishop.
 (m) If Pawn take Rook, King retakes and mates with Queen.
 (n) A galling move; for if King retreats, Rook is locked up out of play.
 (o) An exchange of Queens would give Mr. S. the best chance of drawing.
 (p) To capture Pawn were to accelerate destruction.
 (q) In giving this game in the *Palamede*, the editor justly and humorously describes this poor King as running about the battle field with a sword sticking in his vitals.
 (r) King is mated, play as he may. This game is highly creditable to M. St. A. evincing great patience under pressure, and equal ability at snatching and holding fast the lucky chance afforded by his opponent's momentary distraction. The game lasted between seven and eight hours.

BANISHMENT TO SIBERIA.

The punishment of death (says Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, in his "Excursions in Russia," &c.) being, by ukase of the Empress Elizabeth, nominally abolished throughout the Russian Empire, except in cases of treason and murder—criminals do sometimes expire under the knout, and in the military punishments of running the gauntlet—the general award, therefore, both for political offences and those of a general nature, is banishment to Siberia, a sentence the proportionate severity of which depends upon the nature of the crime of which the prisoner stands convicted. As regards those exiled for the former, their destiny can by no means be termed a hard one, compared with the fate inflicted for similar transgressions under the other Governments of Europe; as, after a short period of severity, their situation is gradually ameliorated, and they become colonists more than captives; and how far civilisation has by this means found its way into these dreary wastes, may be gathered from the circumstance of Tobolsk, the capital, being possessed of its opera, saloons, hotels, and all the accompaniments of a great city. The chief hardship of the sentence consists in the journey; when all, without reference to rank or station, or the nature or magnitude of their offence, are chained together and compelled to march on foot.

The fate of those convicted of murder (whose punishment has been commuted), arson, burglary, or robbery accompanied with violence, is, perhaps, the most wretched the human imagination can conceive; the sentence to the convict is a hundred times more terrible and efficient than if the capital punishment it-off had been inflicted, since he must turn to death alone as his best, indeed, only relief, to the life of misery, without intermission, he endures. From the moment of the criminals' reaching their destination, the light of heaven is for ever excluded from their view, and it is expressly intimated to them that all further intercourse between mankind and themselves is cut off for ever; their very names even are no longer heard, but by given numbers are they summoned by their keepers and jailors to their daily toil, alternately amid the fetid and unwholesome vapours of the mine, and the pestilential heats of the laboratory. Could a similar doom be awarded in England, capital punishment in all cases might, indeed, with safety be abolished.

SHARP DISCIPLINE.

A civilian, who has only "heard of battles," would imagine that while the troops were engaged with the enemy a commander would have but little time

to think about the punishment of an offender. Not so, however; for Mr. Marshall, in his "Historical Sketch of Military Punishments," says that corporal punishment has been inflicted even during a conflict with the enemy—and this is the instance he adduces;—The—Regiment took an active part in the battle of Quatre Bras. On the 17th of June the army retreated, and on the line of march two men of this corps fell out to get a drink of water. They were ordered by the late Sir Thomas Picton to be marched prisoners with the rear-guard. General Picton, in riding through the lines on the 18th (*Waterloo*?) saw a man of the same regiment discharge a musket. The general sent him instantly to the rear-guard and gave order to try him and the two men he had confined on the retrograde movement the day before, and flog them, *notwithstanding the enemy's troops were advancing towards us at the time*. It is a fact, that when the regiment was forming square for the Court-martial, a private who was frying some meat in a Frenchman's steel jacker, which he had brought with him the day before from Quatre Bras, lost the whole of his mess by a cannon-shot that alighted close to his newly-invented culinary utensil, filling it full of sand and dirt. The square, however, was formed, and the three men were tried by a drum-head Court-martial, and flogged, each man receiving every lash of his sentence. One of the men was shot dead in the field within two hours after he was flogged, a second was wounded, the third escaped.

THE INCOME TAX.

This obnoxious impost, it will be recollected was proposed for three years only. It will therefore expire in April next year (1845). Supposing it (a very unlikely supposition) to be totally repealed, the receipts less than the expenditure would probably be from two to three millions, a deficiency which cannot be suffered to exist, and which there is no reason for supposing that Sir R. Peel will consent to supply by other indirect taxes. But what can and may be done with perfect safety to the revenue is, the repeal of that part of the measure which taxes the incomes arising from trades and professions, and the tenancy of land. The total sum thus produced is less than £2,000,000; the whole produce of the charge on trades and professions amounting to but £1,496,000, and on the tenancy of land to but £300,000.

We are sure we express the sense of the community in saying that it would be impossible for ingenuity to devise any impost which should be so offensive, give rise to so much annoyance and vexation and inquisitorial inquiry, and yet yield so small a sum. The other heads or schedules of the income-tax are charges upon property or upon certain incomes, but the items we have mentioned are taxes upon struggling industry, which no Government ought ever to propose, and no people ought ever willingly to submit to. The sums abstracted from the pocket of the trader, the merchant, or the professional man, are the least consideration. The surcharges, to which all incomes derived from extortion are liable, and the exposure of accounts which is necessary to avoid enormous extortion, are a far greater evil, and constitute the real objection to the tax. A case of personal experience has recently been related by Mr. Fielden in the House of Commons. He returned the profits of his business as having for the last three years been *nil*. The assessor refused to receive his return, and rated the firm on a clear annual income of £12,000 per annum, which, it appears from Mr. Fielden's statement, he must pay, or have an execution placed in his manufactory. If such injustice is committed towards a member of Parliament, what must be the amount of extortion practised on meaner men?

Indeed on this point we are not left to conjecture. Our own columns during the past year contain instances of injustice resulting from the natural operation of this tax disgraceful to the Government of any free country. Surcharges are made wholly at random, and the aggrieved party must either quietly submit to an extortion, or undergo a multitude of annoyances connected with an appeal, with the prospect of a decision against him contrary to the real facts of the case.

It was at first supposed that, as the chief power was placed in the hands of independent commissioners, the public would be secured from all injustice; but the practical working of the act shows that such suppositions were entirely unfounded. The commissioners, receiving no remuneration for their labours, are naturally anxious to despatch their business with as little trouble to themselves as possible; and thus it happens that the conducting of the machinery falls entirely into hands of those who have a direct pecuniary interest in working it to the best advantage.

At the time the act was before the Legislature, public attention was directed in this journal to those clauses which gave to assessors, surveyors, and collectors a per centage on the amount collected as tending inevitably to lead to surcharges and the most offensive annoyance. If, for example, any person can be made to pay £40 a year more than he is justly liable to, the officials receive £1 of the sum, and this spur to their industry is quite sufficient to keep them on the alert, and to induce them to make surcharges in the most capricious and unfounded manner. The result is before us. Early in the year a deputation from the Tower Hamlets waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to complain that, out of 1,542 returns made in that ward, there had been 556 surcharges, and this nuisance, enormous as it is, has been going on, and growing in magnitude, from the first hour the income-tax papers were sent round, and has pervaded every part of the country.

Complaints to the Government are found useless. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a specious, yet perfectly contemptible, answer to all representations made to him. He states that as he does not appoint the officers by whom the surcharges are made he is not answerable for their conduct. He quite forgets that the grievance is the natural consequence of that clause in the bill giving the assessors, &c., a per centage on their extortion, and offering them the strongest inducement to apply what is vulgarly but expressively termed "the screw," wherever they imagine its use may have the effect of dropping a few extra shillings into their own pockets. The whole principle of the tax, so far, at least, as it relates to the charge upon industry, as distinguished from property is unquestionably vicious, but it has been made infinitely more grievous and annoying by the vexatious details of the bill.

From the very fact that this impost, long since branded by Sir Robert Peel as obnoxious, inquisitorial, and unjust, should have been deemed necessary, it may be judged to how low a condition the public revenue had been reduced when the late Government quitted office. In the last budget brought forward by the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer he admitted there was a clear deficiency of £2,000,000 sterling, and this deficiency he proposed to make up by experimental measures, which if they had not still further reduced the public income, could only have filled the empty coffers of the Exchequer, by destroying some of the most important national interests, and by beggaring the finest of the British colonies. Years must necessarily elapse before the revenue can recover from the gross mismanagement of the Melbourne and Russell Government.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1844.

One of the strongest marks denoting the loyal subject, or the true citizen, as the case may be, of his country, is his attachment to the National flag, and we seldom fall in with any one so despicable as to turn it into ridicule, to disparage it in any way, or to suffer another to do so, if he could prevent it. One is apt to think most meanly of any person whose attachments have become so callous to the touch as this would indicate, and whatever may be the lip loyalty or the professions of patriotism with which that man may clothe his language, he is one of those to whom the poet alludes when he says, "Let no such man be trusted." Even amongst the most reckless of mankind, the most headlong in dissipation, the most fierce in violence, the most thoughtless in conduct, let but the heart be right, no matter how the head may chance to be, and we shall yet find they rally round the national flag, cherish it with all the ardour of unsophisticated affection, stand by it, fight for it, *exultingly die* to sustain it. All other jests are borne, uttered, and practised, with comparative impunity, but a jest or a disrespectful reflection upon the flag of his country, no good citizen or subject can bear. This remark is capable of strong illustration by a circumstance in the late unhappy brawls at Philadelphia, on which, however, this article is not intended to treat;—when the Native American Party wished to give the *strongest* possible stimulus to action against their opponents, they hoisted the American flag, and carried it accompanied with a label inscribed, "This is the Flag that has been *trampled upon* by the Irish Papists." In short, the man who despises or insults the flag of the nation to which he owes allegiance is a wretch deserving to be put out of the pale of society. Now, to apply this:

Mr. O'Connell has most strenuously insisted to the world that his object is Repeal, not Separation; that he yields to no one in loyalty to his sovereign, fidelity to the government, respect for the laws. In the midst of all this, and whilst the sword of justice is even hanging over his head in consequence of the discovery that in him "all is not gold that glitters," he is rash enough to permit the truth to slip out of the secret recesses of his heart. A steamer at Cork displayed a *green flag* at the masthead, and, as there is no national flag of that description, the proper authorities hauled it down. The hoisting it, under any circumstances, was imprudent, but at this juncture, and in this place, it was symptomatic of gross disorganisation, if not of rebellion. Doubtless Mr. O'Connell would have prevented this legal act of the authorities if he could, at least it may be so inferred from his subsequent expressions at the Repeal meeting. "What," says he, "did they want them to hoist instead of it? Why, a brick-dust coloured thing, with a harlequin rag at the end of it!" Of course, the elegant and loyal remark was received with loud applause by his compatriots.

Now, it should have been remembered by Mr. O'Connell that this flag was the rallying signal to his countrymen before the Legislative Union was effected by the two Parliaments, and enacted to be in force *for ever*. It is the same flag under which the natives of Ireland have assembled, fought, and won, during the last seven hundred years; it is the flag which, whether as a province, or as integral portion of the Empire, has been acknowledged without dispute or *disparagement* until this moment of Mr. O'Connell's elegant, as well as eloquent, allusion to it. It is the flag of his fathers, and we venture to say it will be the flag of his children and his children's children. But granting, what is not the fact, that a mere Repeal of the Union would entitle Ireland to a distinct flag, that repeal is not yet effected; and, as Mr. O'Connell professes to do all things *legally*, he should at least preserve *legal propriety* during the course of his operations.

But why should we waste time on further consideration of this? It was either meant as a vulgar clap trap, or escaped his vigilance when he had taken a cup too much.

A Review of the Past Year has been drawn up and published, by way of appendix, to the London "Britannia," of course, being an ultra-Tory journal, the best face possible has been put upon all the proceedings of the present ministry, and no opportunity has been lost to give an additional black streak to the character of the late Whig administration. Heaven knows that the latter have given but too many of such opportunities,—not so much from their erroneous notions of things, as from their deficiency in union, which is the only real strength, and from their weakness in the hereditary house of legislation. The Whigs were always cramped in their action through having an *immovable* antagonist to deal with; by having the opposition of a house of Parliament, from which the members could not be ousted, however flagitious their conduct. They were, therefore, obliged to avail themselves of *small* measures of improvement, of a sort of legislative alms, the individual portions of which made no distinguished figure in the annals of the country, but the aggregate of which amounts to a greater mass of public benefits than their political opponents are aware of, or at least than they are willing to allow. In all this, however, the Tories are not to be blamed, *bitterly*; their conduct is consistent with human nature in general, and to act otherwise than they have done, as a body, would be to shew themselves either more or less than men. The body of Tories is, for the most part, composed of the oldest aristocracy and the greatest landed wealth of the country; the body of Whigs is chiefly composed of new men, the artificers of their own fortunes and honours, and unfortunately too much imbued with the desire to have a place in the other body to which they instinctively look up, although they strive to consider them as upon an equality with themselves. The pride of birth and rank would fain crush the as

men of the day, and the ambition of the latter leads them to aim at as great a renown as the ancestors of the former have achieved; popularity is, therefore, the aim of the latter, unbending firmness, nay sometimes obstinacy, is the characteristic of the former. That the Tories do not, in their hearts, condemn all the measures of the Whigs is manifest from the circumstances that the former are apt to take up the disparaged measures of the latter upon coming into power themselves. Of this no man has given more numerous or more eminent proofs than Sir Robert Peel himself. What, then, does all the squabbling of party amount to in English politics? Simply a contest between the *Ins* and the *Outs*, in which the battles are often severely fought, but in which the Tories have the vantage ground of title, wealth, and hereditary position.

Apart, however, from the considerations of party faction, there is much in the institutions of Toryism, so to speak, that is not only agreeable to the tone and feeling of English social feelings, but which is protective and *conservative*—it is a right good word—of the Constitution and Institutions of the country. It is well known that there is an *impassable* barrier between the throne and the highest subject of the realm who is not a legitimate prince of the blood. The most exclusive, the most ultra-Tory, therefore, has his rights, in common with the rest of his fellow subjects, to be guarded and secured against the influence of the crown. He is sure to watch well the constitution under which he lives, because he has so large a stake in it, and is much less likely to impair the smallest feature of it, than would the meanest creature of a radical party, who, having nothing to lose, would, like the vicious ass in the fable, either kick off his burthen altogether, or, failing that, carry for any other than his former master that might have power enough to lade him.

But, *venustus a nos montons*. With all the skill which the writer in the "Britannia" could bring to bear in behalf of his party, he has not been able to keep out of sight the *Iniquitous* "Income Tax," which, like the eagle of Prometheus, has devoured the very vitals of commerce, and has prostrated the energies of the most important class of the community—the people of the middle station in life. He has been obliged to drag it forth to public view, and a sense of either honesty or shame has impelled him to make certain harsh strictures upon it. He has done it well, too, so far as regards his remarks on the vile impost itself, and we have, therefore, given it a place in our columns of this day. But whether he has introduced the subject in order to have an opportunity of shewing the previous Whig financial miscalculations, or whether, being obliged to allude to this, he has chosen to bring the Whig mistakes forward by way of a set-off, he is equally invidious and equally uncandid. The fact is, that the public financiering of either party is not exceedingly to its credit; there has been more haphazard than sagacity displayed by each. The Whigs, at their last exposé, admitted a deficiency of two millions in the Revenue; the Tories, with this before their eyes, and with every incentive to make a good impression also, were constrained to make a similar exposé in the following year; and though that deficiency was afterwards, in a great measure, made up, it was from a source on which the ministry had not calculated, and from which they had not expected the needful assistance. Mr. Goulburn calculated on Customs and Excise, which fell miserably short; Sir Robert Peel calculated on the Inquisitorial Income Tax, which much exceeded his expectations, though somewhat too late for effect. Thus, neither of these two right honourable gentlemen can be said to understand the principle of finance at all like their great master, Pitt, who could calculate the bearings and effects of his every impost, in the most difficult times, and rarely had to confess a mistake in his figures.

In fact, there was no magnanimity in thus ripping up an old grievance, supposing it to have been one; there was no candour in condemning the modes of repairing deficiencies, proposed by the Whigs, by calling them "experimental measures," and denouncing them as destructive of "the most important national interests;" for if they were only "experiments" on the one hand, the objections were only hypothetical on the other; and there was but a scanty compliment paid to his own party, in saying that "years must elapse before the revenue can recover" what it has already recovered, even if the loss were more than figurative.

But this "Income Tax"—this wicked and remorseless road to the heart of every man's private affairs, this blood-sucking vampire, which paralyses every honest trader's endeavours for a livelihood! Well might the House of Commons, well might the people at large, be both surprised and indignant upon learning that it was by no means certain that the Premier would rid himself of that stain upon the public revenue at the very first moment that the law could permit! Easily might they see that he had no intention to let so important an item as the Income-tax escape from his clutches, without some palpable mode of meeting the deficit which would ensue from its loss. What to him, as it should seem, are the groans and the imprecations of the immense numbers who are now ground by tax assessors and per centage agents! What to him is the blank feeling of disappointment, and the despondency which the aggrieved heart must feel, when a cold repulse is given by a minister, to his application for redress and legal right, under so shallow an excuse as that wrong-doer was not "of his appointment." Surely if an odious impost must be exacted, if the exigencies of the nation be such that the evil be a necessary one, an upright minister and benevolent man will at least endeavour to mitigate the evils which he cannot prevent, and will not at once empty the purse and insult the feelings! But we wrong Sir Robert Peel in supposing him to be thus relentless, and regardless of public distress. It is probable, and the journalist throws out a hint to that effect, that the sweeping tax which now devastates, will be modified into a Property Tax, which will cherish the country.

We have always been of opinion that, of all direct taxation, the Property

Tax is the most equitable, and the Income Tax the most abominable, that could be levied. The junction of these two robs the former of all its better qualities, and does not diminish the odiousness of the latter. Let the bad one then be removed, promptly, with a good grace, and it will then be a boon to the country—the very sort of thing, indeed, which Toryism is said not to know how to bestow. This will add popularity and consequent strength to the party now in power; but the country will have it removed, we doubt not, therefore let ministers adopt the maxim of judicious members of the theatrical world,—“Better retire than be shelved.” Better withdraw a noxious measure than be compelled to give it up.

We lament to perceive that, with all the maudlin lamentation over the evils of the duelling system, and all the cruelty included in the miserable refusal of Mrs. Fawcett's pension, because her husband was the victim of an anomalous offence against the laws, there has not yet been anything done, of the least substantial importance, in either putting the offence of Duelling in its right position among the crimes against society, or of laying it under salutary restraints. The subject has been mouthed and tortured into all sorts of grotesque shapes, and honourable and right honourable members have moralized and talked sentiment upon it, and it was to be subjected to a complete radical reform, and the face of society was to be set against it,—and it was to be banished from among the practices of men. Alas, alas! How mankind do strive to deceive themselves and each other! After all this mouthing and debate, is Duelling made or considered any more infamous than it was? Has any law been either completed or offered for the purpose of putting it down or for punishing its practice? No; all this magnificent talk is

“Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.”

Orders have been issued in the Naval service prohibitory of Duelling, and the details of conduct expected from proposed principals and seconds, in the event of provocations to them to “go out,” are most circumstantially given; but the jest of the business is that all the directions and injunctions therein contained are of such a nature that they can be disregarded with the most perfect impunity; and, what is more, the code of modern honour would teach them that they *ought* and that they *will* certainly treat all such instructions with disdain. But how, in the name of all that is coherent and consistent, can the present influential members of the legislature have the effrontery to interfere with a code to which most of them have given in their practical adherence times and again? If they be really honest and sincere in their desire of reforming the code of honour, let them come forward manfully, utter their frank confession of faulty participation in times past, give open admission to their regrets, and then beseech the members of their several houses to join them in discountenancing forever an erroneous and fatal system, which is as presumptuous and wicked as it is rash and fraught with worldly evil.

Past examples have, not unfrequently, the effect of maintaining objectionable customs, and particularly when those who have given examples have been prominent in station, and generally estimable. There have been many who could offer some degree of palliation for being drawn into a Duel, but there are others totally inexcusable. Among the latter we would mention his Grace the Duke of Wellington, in the affair of Lord Winchester. To what end did a distinguished personage like the Duke go out to fight a hair-brained young man! Was it to vindicate his claim to courage? Surely the hero of a hundred fights, in every quarter of the globe, needed no such vindication. Yet he, the veteran soldier, the Great Captain, the sagacious statesman, the head of his country's responsible ministers, could so far forget all these characteristics and responsibilities as to go out for a private brawl, where a chance shot might deprive England of her most distinguished subject, and throw the public business of the country into inextricable confusion. In such examples as these lies the difficulty of legislation upon the serious evil of duelling. Let public men lay it to heart, amend their own conduct therein, and then legislate for its reform in others.

So the opinions of Lord Ashley, and of those who think and vote with him in the matter of the Ten hours Factory clause, are called “The New Faith;” this we have upon no less authority than that of the London “Spectator,” and right glad we are to find that it is so gravely considered as to have arrived at the dignity of such a designation. It is plain, therefore, that the consideration of the measure has entered into the hearts of men, and is not merely skimming the surface of their thoughts as a caprice of the moment, and it shows that a nobler spirit than that of Mammon is at work upon the elements hereon to be employed, that a more elevated opinion is held of the human mind itself than the supposition that it will continue to grovel when opportunity is given it to rise, and that the action and reaction of so benevolent a purpose as the relief of the bodily and the cultivation of the mental faculties will all be of beneficial tendency, both to individuals and to the community.

We again express our pleasure that the bill, into which it was proposed to weave the action of this theory, is withdrawn, even though it causes some procrastination with regard to ulterior results. The subject is of so very expansive a nature, it comprehends so large an amount of proposed good, yet it militates against so many deeply implanted notions and associations, that it requires to be sifted and dissected, analysed, weighed, and measured, with all the nicety of the most severe and subtle philosophy, with all the keen-sightedness of the most acute worldly experience, with all the prudence and cautiousness attendant on the conviction that the step cannot be retraced, yet with all the benevolence which would avail itself of good when once convinced of its efficacy. The measure involves an immense moral and social change, and it does not confine itself to that geographical section where it originates; the eyes of the whole world are upon the proposition and its consequences; the generous and the selfish, the enterprising and the retired, the speculator and the philanthropist, are all equally intent upon it; therefore let it have ample discussion; let its friends strengthen themselves with facts and fair deductions therefrom; let its adversaries consider honestly their reasons for dissent; give the “new faith” fair play; let it have “a clear stage and no favour, and may God defend the right!”

The circumstances of Lord Abinger's decease and the consequent vacancy in the office of Lord Chief Baron, has raised a question upon the propriety of elevating a puisne judge to that office, and of supplying the inferior honour from the Bar. It has long been an understood rule that a member of the legal profession, and raised to the Bench, continues in the position to which he has been promoted without the expectation of any farther advancement. This however is not a rule without an exception, as we think there are exceptions within our own remembrance;—but such is the general mode, and it is founded upon the notion of preserving the integrity and independence of the high offices of Judges of the land. Now we cannot perceive how higher elevation—say in the order of seniority—should deteriorate independence or hazard integrity, although there might be something suspicious in the elevation of a junior puisne Judge over the head of senior; and in fact to put an end to a man's hopes and expectations in point of honour and emolument, is virtually like telling him to thatch his noddle with a good warm wig, and step through the remainder of his life in peace, as respectably as may be, but without giving himself unnecessary trouble or bestowing unnecessary interest on what comes before him.

This is one view of the question; but it has another side. The practising barrister of high reputation and large emoluments will not accept a puisne Judgeship, because he makes a great deal more at the bar than the pecuniary advantages of the lower place on the bench would be; the latter also would want the prestige of distinguished honourable position, and there would be no chance of proceeding any farther in the road of ambition. Nay, even if the advancement to the chief place were open to him in the progress of seniority, such a man would not forego his ermine and advantages at the bar, to which he can never return, for so remote a contingency as the rise up of four steps; at least until his labours have worn out his physique and he needs the comparative repose which the elevating would afford him.

The consequence would be that the lights and ornaments of the Bar would avoid the Bench, and all the seats of the latter would have to be offered to mediocre men. It is very true that many who have been considered such, as practising lawyers, have turned out excellent judges, sound and deep jurists, whilst very brilliant and successful pleaders have cut but indifferent figures upon their exaltation; these, however, are but exceptions, and the rule holds good the other way in the aggregate. Men of high eminence at the Bar, therefore, must have the opportunity of going at once to the top of the court in which they are to practise as judges or they will refuse to go at all except as a hospital for gout, or a house of refuge for debility.

The most flagitious removal that we can imagine is that of a judge from one of the Common-law courts, to preside in Chancery. The office of Lord Chancellor is an exceedingly lucrative one, and he is a political personage as well as a judge; therefore to select such an official from one of the other courts, primarily supposes the person so advanced to have exhibited a strong political bias, a characteristic which cannot be too much reprehended in a judge. That a retired Chancellor may accept a seat on the Common law Bench, on the score of national economy is well and praiseworthy, but we would never desire to see the transfer which would be the converse of this last.

THE LATE RIOTS AT PHILADELPHIA.

At length the carnage has ceased, violence and destruction have stayed their devastating hands, the parties are burying their dead, comforting their afflicted, healing their sick and wounded, looking aghast at their own destructive powers and work, and we would hope, are beginning seriously to enquire, within their own hearts, how far the guilt is theirs, on either side, of disfiguring the face of God's creation, of outraging the peace of society, of turning the “image of God” into lifeless clods of clay, making children orphans, wives widows, hundreds homeless, many hopeless, insulting the reason and the civilization which are the proud distinction of our nature, profaning and destroying the temples of God himself, setting at naught all that raises men above the brute, and plunging into all the excesses which degrade education and human nature itself. This is a fearful summary and not overdrawn. The maddened and infuriated Malay, who, with knife in hand, shuts his eyes and runs a-muck, establishing and cutting all who fall in his way, is not in a more deplorable condition than are some of the leaders in the bloody and blighting affray over which we trust many of them are now mourning with contrite hearts; and how will their reflections be embittered by the consciousness that many of the mischiefs committed by them, though within the scope of regret and repentance, are forever beyond the means of atonement and compensation.

Would that it could all be laid—bad as even then it would be—to the score of political dissensions only! Politics have so long and so frequently been the unhallowed source of broils and discord, of havoc and destruction, although one may feel shocked at the extent of the mischief, one hardly feels astonished at the cause. More particularly in a country in which the passionate feeling on that score mixes itself up so intimately in all the relations of life, and so completely overpowers many a better feeling. But, worse—a thousand times worse—we fear is the spring from which has flowed the torrents of blood, and the source from which have emanated those black clouds of desolation which every feeling heart must now bewail. It is in the name of Christianity, it is in the name of the Religion of Peace, that all this violence has been perpetrated; it is whilst man is arrogantly exclaiming, “Stand aside, for I am holier than thou,” that he is desecrating God's holy work, and practically refuting his own insolent asseverations.—But why do we thus linger, in moralizing and lamentation, when we have sat down to describe, as well as our materials will permit, a summary of this transaction, so humiliating to humanity? It is because the soul sickens as the mind runs over the disgraceful scenes, the heart faints at commencing the attempt, and, though infinitely worse in degree, we are like children procrastinating the moment of taking a nauseous draught, although conscious that the hated deed must be done at last.

The meeting of the "Native American" Party at Philadelphia, which was called together on Monday 6th inst., is now of course familiar to every reader. Like all other meetings of a similar character its objects, doubtless, was to discuss certain principles and forward certain views entertained by those who were associated by similarity of opinion. No one questions or can reasonably question that in this country all men have the right of congregating peaceably for the purpose of effecting advantages and improvements which they think expedient, either to the public weal or their own proper good. But unfortunately there were mixed up, in the principles and sentiments of that party, two very important matters, which struck at once on the political privileges and the religious faith of another body of men; the latter being also, as a class, men of ardent temperament, prompt action, unreflecting eagerness, and devoted faith. The "Native American" Party have suddenly attained a considerable political ascendancy; one of their tenets is—if we understand aright,—that the privilege of American citizenship in these times is too easily attainable; that it has been greatly abused for the purposes of election and other political intrigue; that the Irish in particular have been made political tools in these matters, and that they have too rapidly as well as illegally reached to a dangerous influence in American national popular assemblies. Here then at once—if we justly understand the matter—is a reason why the Irish should look with a jealous eye on the proceedings of a political association whose object was to take—not from themselves but—from their countrymen and other foreigners hereafter, the facilities hitherto possessed of becoming citizens of the United States, and of enjoying the immunities and privileges which thereunto belong. Yet doubtless the "Native American" party, conscientiously entertaining these opinions have the right, and it is their bounden duty to effect by peaceable and legal means, the ends which they consider important to the public good; and it became equally a duty with those who were convinced of the contrary, to endeavour peaceably and legally to keep intact the privileges they possess. But no violence! The law and the legislature are open for the redress of grievances of every kind. The right of petition, the peaceable discussion in assembly, and the elective privilege, are thought, and indeed do contain the elements of reform, improvement, and general advantage; and violence, except in cases which need not here be contemplated, is quite out of the question.

The meeting, then, considered with regard to its political objects only, did not contain subjects sufficiently strong in their nature, to induce the awful manifestations of hostility that have been recently recorded. The Irish could only say that their privileges were threatened, and the "Native American" party could only say that alterations would be attempted, but the legislature of the country was the place of appeal, there only was the arena of the meditated conflict, and where a wordy war should and would be the sole exhibition of strife. But, alas! a stronger element of discord was added to this;—an element in which peace is always understood to be the essential quality, but which produced the most direct hatred demonstrated by the most ruthless fury. In the holy garb of Religion were belligerent acts committed which the savages of the Pacific would blush to look upon; in the cause of Christianity feelings and passions have been displayed, which would disgrace the most ignorant and self-willed pagan; nay, Education itself has been put forth as a reason for proceedings which all wholesome education must condemn. In the name of the latter, as popularly conducted, it is well known that the Romish Church differs from all the Reformed Churches with respect to the use of the Bible as a school book. That church has somewhat relaxed of her former severity when the indiscriminate use of the Bible was denied to the laity, but she still holds fast to her discipline with regard to children in that respect. The Reformed churches, with different degrees of pertinacity and earnestness, all demand the use of the Scriptures of Truth in schools, to be administered at the discretion of teachers. The consequences have been, warm and harsh altercations with regard to Public schools, in which all denominations of professing Christians have part, lot, and authority. Here, then, as we are informed, is the root of the Evil. The "Native American" party are said to be zealous in the highest degree for the introduction of the Bible into schools, and have sometimes been not nice in either the expression of their opinion or the measure of their threats on the subject. The Catholics, headed by their enthusiastic bishop, denounce the entrance of the Bible into forbidden grounds; the Irish with the exception of one in a hundred in this country are of this persuasion; they yield implicit obedience to their spiritual pastor, never entertain the shadow of a doubt concerning his wisdom and truth; and thus, these conflicting elements of the two parties, like those of the gases in the air, are brought into combustion by an electric spark.

It seems that the meeting on the 6th should be considered an adjourned one, a previous meeting on the Friday before having been interrupted by its opponents; and if general report is to be credited, the violence commenced on the part of the Irish, who discharged several pieces, doing much personal mischief, before the hostilities became mutual. The burnings of churches and destruction of property did not take place on that day; and it is possible that such mischief might not have occurred at all, had it not been for the mistaken zeal and misguided indignation which directed the display of the placard "This is the flag that has been trampled upon by the Irish Papists," a display well calculated to infuriate every American heart, and excite to vengeance without discrimination. Then succeeded the destruction of houses, the ransacking of premises, the burning of churches, the demolition of a school, and all the other excesses which are chargeable against either party. We see, by an expose given in a Philadelphia journal, that the mischief to the churches is ascribed to villains known by the police, who saw them, to be convicts and other well-known bad characters. If this were so, it is either sorry argument for the side on which such miscreants were engaged, or it evidences culpable negligence on the part of the Police who ought to have been aware that such fellows were on their appropriate field of action, and should have made the strongest endeavours to apprehend them, or have given notice of their presence.

It is too late, and for our sake we are glad that it is so, to give all the details of the mischief and violence that have ensued here; some of them are too brutal to be described, all of them display too much of the madness of exasperated passions, and we may best sum up the matter by saying that the loss of life is greatest on the side of the "Native American" party, of whom there are

five out of the seven persons killed, and that the number of wounded is greatly on the side of the Irish, being about sixteen or eighteen out of twenty-three or four. The number of houses destroyed is not far short of a hundred, all residences of the Irish, and hundreds of those unhappy people have thereby been rendered homeless; the churches of St. Michael and St. Augustine have been utterly destroyed, as also the priest's house of the latter, the Market house, and the School of the Sisters of Charity. If the generally expressed opinion may be trusted, much of this might have been prevented, notwithstanding the evident fury of both parties, had the magistracy been aware of their powers and used them promptly and firmly. There was, it seems, much vacillation among them, and a timidity of action much to be deplored.

Here let us close; the retrospection has been a fearful one, and we have only looked back upon it from a sense of duty. It is true that the Catholic bishop of the diocese has used his influential position for political purposes, and has given direction to outrage through the authority which he is supposed to wield, a heavy weight of responsibility must rest upon his soul for all this; if the other party have carried their conscious overpowering strength to extremes in an exterminating or revengeful spirit, upon them will rest a similar responsibility; we neither judge, nor take part with either; from conflicting reports we endeavour to draw forth real facts; but most earnestly we trust that this awful transaction may prove a perpetual beacon to warn against popular tumults in future.

DEPARTURE OF THE PACKET-SHIP YORKSHIRE.—This splendid vessel left the port of New York, on her second voyage to Liverpool, on Thursday last. She is the pride of the Old Black Ball Line, and the Yorkshire gentlemen have again testified their regard for that line as well as their sense of the compliment in thus naming the ship, by taking passage in her, as it were *en masse*, on this occasion. She was full of passengers, and not fewer than twenty-five of them were of those who may be said to have given her the name she bears. There were at least two hundred friends of the Yorkshire passengers who went out as far as the steamer accompanied the ship, and for these, as well as for all others on board, a most sumptuous *dejeuner à la fourchette* was provided. The wine and the wit flowed; beauty was there in abundance, and never were friendship and hilarity so delightfully mixed, till near the moment of separation, when, of course, faces began to look grave. We must not omit to mention that the magnificent service of table cutlery, which was presented for the cabin use of the ship upon her first voyage, was on the table on this occasion. It is an abundantly large service, made of the very best materials, the hafts being of pure, clear, and good ivory, each half inlaid with a silver plate, on which are the arms of the city of York, and on each blade is the word "Yorkshire" stamped, together with the name of the firm, "Thomas Mottram & Sons, Sheffield," in whose manufactory this splendid service was made.

The Yorkshiremen are not fickle in their attachments; they have always upheld the Old Black Ball Line, and they will be likely to adhere to it, more and more strongly, now that they are in a manner identified with it, through the name of their parent section of the mother country being introduced into it.

CRICKET.

With great satisfaction we learn that a portion of the St. George's Cricket Club, of New York, will certainly proceed to Toronto in the course of the summer, to play the return match against the gentlemen of the Toronto Club. They are resolved to struggle hard for the laurel, and as far as friendly and honourable contest can obtain it for them, they will certainly exert themselves. They know now, however, what formidable antagonists they have to deal with, and whilst they would highly plume themselves upon a victory over such antagonists, they will hardly feel much depressed upon a well fought defeat. It is expected that the St. George's gentlemen will leave here in July, but the precise time is not yet decided.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—We have seen the first performances of this young and promising club. It contains several young, active, athletic, and spirited members; many can strike hard, run fast, throw in well; but there is at present much chaos in their proceedings, there are not many bowlers, the fielding is bad as regards placing, catching, and stopping. In short, although there is excellent material, yet it needs working up and forming. They are all imbued, however, with a love of the glorious game, and will probably become a formidable club; but they would be wise not to give or receive a challenge this year. We purpose to note their progress, from time to time.

Fine Arts.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—We have received our Season ticket of admission to the 19th Annual exhibition of this institution, but too late to enable us to give any satisfactory account, this week, of the works of Art which are there offered to view. A cursory survey is all we have yet made, and first impressions are all we can yet describe. To speak in general terms, then, we would say that although we do not think there is in the whole collection a painting superior to any of the last year, yet neither are there any so bad as the worst of last year. The exhibition as a whole is better than its predecessor, and there is more of a tendency to equality in the general merits, although it must be admitted that there is a great disparity between the best and the worst. As usual in exhibitions of this kind the number of portraits of "a lady" or of "a gentleman" far exceeds any other description of paintings, and although the eye and the judgment of an amateur would scan one of these "unknowns" as carefully as he would any professed abstract design or composition, and endeavour to examine it as "a work of art," yet the multitude, upon finding it to be a portrait of they know not whom, turn from it without further notice, unless it be strikingly beautiful in expression or in drapery. Works, entirely of imagination are exceedingly rare this year, and the few that have been ventured before the public are not of transcendent merit; in fact this species of painting has not many patrons, and as artists must paint to live, that they may live to paint, the imagination must give way to prudence. Instead of going through the gallery in detail, bestowing our tediousness indiscriminately on all, we shall next week devote an article to those pictures which we think most worthy of note, whether for good or for evil report, and leave the mediocre pieces to their fate.

COLLECTION OF WORKS BY THE OLD MASTERS.—There is said to be a rare and genuine collection of Works of Art now exhibiting in the Granite buildings, corner of Chambers street and Broadway, (late Apollo Gallery.) We have not found time to examine these works so as to be able to endorse the eulogiums of our friends, many of whom pronounce them superior to any exhibition yet offered in our city.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.—This great virtuoso, whose unparalleled success we announced in our last number, has returned among us. He made his re-appearance in New York on Thursday last, at Palmo's Opera House. We cannot speak this week at any length on that musical festival, but must content ourselves by reporting that at this hour it has become the talk of all the city. The classical and romantic performance was delightful, and never was the Raphaelic violinist more celestial, more genuine, more admirable. To-night he gives a grand concert at the Park Theatre; on Monday he will make a revolution in Brooklyn, and on Tuesday night Palmo's Opera House will echo for the last time the great compositions of this distinguished Maestro. Signori Valtellina and Antognini, and the orchestra with its excellent leader Rapetti, has been secured by Vieuxtemps. It is really almost too much at a time.

* * Ole Bull likewise is here.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last Philharmonic Concert of this season will take place to-night, on which occasion the grand Beethoven Symphony, in C minor, will be repeated, together with the Overture to "The Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, and the Overture to "The Ruler of Spirit," by Weber.

FRENCH OPERATIC COMPANY.—The French company of New Orleans have not yet made any decided arrangement. In all probability, however, this Operatic Company will re-appear at Niblo's, that favourite place of amusement for the summer season.

Opera.—Palmo's Theatre.

The portion of *Opera Seria* in this series terminated on Wednesday evening, on which, and on the preceding Monday, Bellini's splendid opera of "La Sonnambula" was performed. This is a composition which never becomes tedious with the public, for there are so many beautiful airs in it, which have been transferred into the Portfolios of fashionable circles, so many which are sure to suit one or other voice, and the opera itself is associated with the remembrance of so many charming and favorite vocalists who early appeared in it in this country, that the announcement of it is sure to draw a good if not a crowded house. The part of *Amina* is exceedingly well sustained by *Borghese*, in fact much better, as the opera proceeds, than a hearer would expect from her opening scene. That, to us at least, faulty school of hers in which the tremolo is so prevalent, produces unpleasant sensations; but whether she partially leaves it off as she proceeds and warms in her business, or whether we gradually get used to it, or both, it certainly is the case that as the opera goes on we like her the better, her voice increases in volume, she always acts well, and at her finale we almost wonder why we had been dissatisfied. *Perozzi* sings the *Elvira* no in very chaste style, a little lacking flexibility, "but that's not much" in this part, and that very lack pins him down the harder to the genuine text of his part, which in itself is beautiful enough without the aid of much ornament. His tones are true likewise, and his looks and actions were all appropriate except in the last scene of somnambulism, when, instead of the anxiety and grief which was required of him, he was coquetting with Valtellina at the side of the stage, and apparently enjoying a good joke. He should beware of this, for the audience have their eyes as well as their ears open. Valtellina is positively great in *Rodolpho*; we say this the more readily because in general we consider him as rather hard in his style, and harsh in enunciation; he always understands his business well however, and is always substantially effective in every opera where he plays a part. With his *Rodolpho* we were altogether enraptured; his tones were rich, deep, round, and full, but kept in that fine restraint which the character required, and he did not let fall a note in the concerted parts that did not enrich, and give body and soul to the performance. In particular we would allude to the magnificent round at the finale of the second act, which we have never heard to greater advantage, and in which this fine basso cantante distinguished himself most tastefully. In the *Liza* we discovered a very promising young vocalist who formerly assisted in the chorusses at the Park Theatre; her voice, a mezzo soprano, is wonderfully improved, and she wants but good instruction to be a very sweet singer; she acted much at her ease and very becomingly. The *Teresa* was entrusted to a young vocalist without action or animation; for some time we thought she was set up as a stock for *Borghese* to sing at rather than to sing to, but in the course of the performance she developed a voice; readily, to be sure, but strong, free, and true in tone. A little pains taken with her movements, and a little care to dress her face for the mother of *Amina*, and she would have gone through her part respectably enough. The chorusses generally were exceedingly well done, there were two exceptions, blundered through awkwardly enough, but the piece has only been played twice. We need hardly remark that the orchestral parts were finely executed.

Sig. Santini was announced to play *Figaro* in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" last night, by consent of *Sig. De Begnis*, and being the debut of the artist. We cannot report upon him until next week. By the bye, three nights more will complete this series, we would advise all Fanatici per la Musica therefore to use their opportunities.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The boards of this theatre are again graced by the feet of the most artistical actor of his day. *Mr. Macready* commenced his engagement—must we indeed say his concluding one—on Monday last. The character selected by him was the ever new, ever various *Hamlet*, a character which every one fancies he understands, which every artist delineates differently from every one else—unless in the case of a mere imitator,—and which no one performs to universal satisfaction. But *Hamlet*, after all, is more for

intellectual apprehension than for exhibition, and even with a *Macready* to sustain its impersonation, must be subject to cavils of critics and hypercritics. For our own part we will say frankly that we have never been left with so little to cavil at in the representation of the Danish Prince as in that which *Mr. Macready* gives of him. That gentleman, has, in fact, so entered into the heart of *Hamlet's* "mystery," that he may be said to have identified himself with the character, and he carries his audience with him, as unresistingly on their part, as if they were borne by a torrent.

Scarcely, however, have we time to give vent to our admiration of this consummate artist in one phase of human nature, ere we are called to witness him again in another the very converse of the former, but into which he enters with such felicity as if he were "to the manner born;" and, from the man who doubts and hesitates to shed blood even in a just and holy cause, he passes over to one who follows on the first murder by others and steep himself so deeply in guilt that he finds it less difficult to proceed than to retrace his steps. The *Macbeth* of *Mr. Macready* is a glorious representation of our immortal poet's glowing creation; and of all the pointed lessons which the text is calculated to convey, we may perceive that the great actor suffers not one to be lost: "as water spilt upon the ground," but conveys them all with a force and beauty which are at once effective and salutary to the mind.

On Thursday evening *Mr. Macready* acted *The Stranger*, but as we neither like the part, the play, nor the school in which it was formed, we did not witness his powers therein. Last night he acted *Othello*, whose order of publication does not permit us now to notice. By the bye, if one may utter a wish at this juncture, ours would be that *Mr. Macready* would give us a reminiscence of *Pennruddock* in the "Wheel of Fortune." It was a masterpiece of *John Kemble*, and would suit our present *Roscius* well.

BOWERY THEATRE.—*Mr. Hamblin* commenced a round of his favourite characters on Monday evening last. He has played *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, to houses that have been most literally crowded nightly. His popularity at this theatre is so complete that he cannot have a rival let his rôle be what it may. His performances are always a stream into the treasury. *Mrs. Shaw*, as we understand, will commence an engagement here in about a fortnight.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This delightful little theatre was closed for the summer last night, after a season successful in the highest degree. We learn that *Mr. Mitchell* assumes the direction at Niblo's during the next few months, where also several of the best members of his establishment will likewise perform.

Literary Notices.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE. FOR MAY, 1844.—This valuable periodical, we are glad to find is constantly enlarging its reputation and becoming more and more in request. Its papers are all on practical subjects, which come home to the business and bosoms of this Commercial Community; it is brought out with neatness and regularity, and does the highest credit to its conductor.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW. FOR APRIL, 1844.—The re-print by *Mr. Leonard Scott* of this excellent work is published with the neatness and promptitude which have always marked its issue, and it contains several interesting and important articles.

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, May 20.—5th night of *Mr. MACREADY'S* Engagement—*Richelieu*, and other entertainments.

TUESDAY—6th night of *Mr. MACREADY'S* Engagement—"Merchant of Venice," and "Fortunio."

WEDNESDAY—1st night of the new Burlesque of "The Fair One with the Golden Locks."

THURSDAY—Last night but 4 of *Mr. MACREADY'S* Engagement—"William Tell," and other entertainments.

FRIDAY—Last night but 3 of *Mr. MACREADY'S* Engagement—"Hamlet," and other entertainments.

SATURDAY—"The Fair One with the Golden Locks."

APARTMENTS, &c.—Very superior accommodations, with or without board, may be obtained in this city, by applying either at No. 113 Hudson Street, or at the Office of this Journal. May 18.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,
(Formerly Conductor to Debois & Stodart.)

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER.

No. 385 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Duxan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting anyone on account of the above boats or owners. May 11-6f.

REMOVAL.

E. BRYAN, SURGEON DENTIST,

MEMBER OF THE "AMERICAN SOCIETY OF DENTAL SURGEONS,"

54 Warren Street, (Renewed from 80 Chambers Street.)

RESPECTFULLY notifies the public and those who were his patrons during his former residence, of fifteen years, in Warren-st., Chamber-st., Murray-st., and Broadway, that he has recently returned from the West Indies, and continues the practice of Dentistry in all its branches, embracing the latest improvements in the art, on moderate terms.

Those unacquainted with his professional standing are, by permission, referred to Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Dr. JOHN C. CHEESEMAN, Dr. FRANCIS E. BERGER, and ISAAC J. GREENWOOD, Esq., Dentists. May 11-24.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap. 29-ly.

MAGAZIN OF PARIS, LONDON, & NEW YORK FASHIONS IN LADIES' HATS N. The establishment No. 418 Broadway, two doors above Canal Street, is now opening and selling every variety of fashionable Bonnets.

It is expressly designed to be a depot wherein L. dies may be certain of finding an ample and varied supply of all the most fashionable, beautiful, and durable straw hats, as well as those composed of other materials. A direct communication with Paris and London, affords the means of introducing the latest Fashions of those cities, almost as soon as adopted there, to the Ladies of this, the real Metropolis of America. May 4-3m.

SCOTCH ALE; BROWN STOUT; BRANDY; WHISKEY, &c.

Scotch Ale.—Edinboro', Leith, and Alloa, pils. and qts. ripe and creamy.
 Brown Stout.—Dublin and London.
 Brandy.—Old and Hennessy, Old Dark and Pale, in wood and Bottles.
 Whiskey.—Glenlivet and Islay "real peat reek"
 Rum.—Jamaica Rum, North side, very superior " "
 Gin.—Old Hollands, " "
 Wines.—Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Claret, &c., all of first brands and quality. 100 cases 3 dozen each Old Liston White Wine.
 " For sale on reasonable terms and in lots to suit purchasers by
ROBERT HOPE HART, 11 Nassau-st., cor. Pine.
 Storage suitable for Scotch Ale, Wines, &c. Mar. 9-Jin.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rickets, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pusules on the Face, Blisters, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Impudicious Use of Mercury, Astringes, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, NOV. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1826 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off. The passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now spread over the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 40 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this I used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M—, under whose treatment I considered it Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air, and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?" No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,
 Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,
 Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, } On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos. City of Brooklyn, ss. } Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper, and that he executed the same.

HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.
WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to point it to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago I was attacked with a skin disease, which I with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough, and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and, though they have been skillful practitioners, they were only able to afford me a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 8th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,
 ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

New London, Co., ss.

Personally appeared, the above-named Avenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,
 Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,
 Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.
 Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other,
 Mar. 9-6m.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THIS popular and truly wonderful Medicine has, in thousand instances, produced to invigilate a NEW LIFE, who, after keeping their beds for years, have been so speedily re-invigorated with an infusion of new blood, and consequently of new life and strength, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that their re-appearance amongst their fellow-beings, who had long given them up as incurable, is looked upon as the greatest of the many great wonders of the age.

The number of testimonials of cures by PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are crowding upon the Proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of The Theatrical Profession, Mr. T. D. RICE. (the original Jim Crow)—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This, (with thousands of similar grateful acknowledgements,) can be seen at the Principal Depot, 117 Fulton-st.

To Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 117 Fulton-st., N.Y.:—
 Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England I had recourse to your popular Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, from which I received great benefit. Finding a Branch of your House in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can now sincerely testify to their value and great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant, THOMAS D. RICE, 20 Vestry-street.

This, from a Commission Merchant in the South and New York, is also unexceptionable:—

New York, 26th Dec., 1843.
 Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—After having, for two years, severely suffered from a protracted disease of the bowels, together with hemorrhage, which seemed to baffie the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try,—and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

I cannot refrain from sending you this testimonial of their excellence, hoping that these Pills may be the means of relieving others, as they have cured me.

You are at liberty to use this voluntary testimonial, as a recommendation of your Pills, to those who may be in doubt of their virtues.—Very respectfully,

J. BURKHARDT, Late of 223 Carondelet-st., New Orleans,
 Now 129 Grand-street, New York.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who has resided about twenty-five years in Southwark, Philadelphia, well known from his great respectability:—

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I feel it will be doing no more than right to inform you of the wonderful benefits I have received by the use of your Pills. I have been afflicted for twenty years or more with a weakness on the breast, the pipes in the throat, dyspepsia and costiveness of the bowels, with very much cough and spitting at times. Latterly, I was seized with asthma, and was so much plagued as to be unable to lie down at night. I am advanced in years, and have tried a great many cures in the course of my life, which in the general left me much weakened without doing any good. Having seen one of the books containing the life of Old Parr, and the cures therein stated, I applied to Mr. Peter Williamson, and procured a box to try them. I soon found they relieved me of my dyspepsia, and also the disease in my throat, and I was surprised to discover that I slept good at night, and could lie down comfortably, and when I felt any kind of smothering, I would get up in the night and take one or two Pills, and I would feel better instantly. I am now entirely relieved of all my complaints, and have an excellent appetite, and am of the firm opinion that PARR'S LIFE PILLS are the best medicine I have ever taken for my complaints. From their gentleness with me, and the great good they have done me, I am satisfied they will be of equal benefit to many others thus afflicted.—I am, gentlemen, yours, respectfully,
 Nov. 27, 1843.

JEREMIAH CLARK, Corner of Catherine-st. and Passayunk Road, Moyamensing, formerly of Southwark.

The next from Mrs. M. Cling:—

No. 193 Christie-street.
 Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines,—then had recourse to a doctor, who only patched me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills, and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.
 M. CLING, 193 Christie-street.

ASTHMA.

Portsmouth, N.H., Nov. 27, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—it gives me much pleasure to inform you that in this town and neighbourhood your invaluable Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are much praised for their rare virtues and great efficacy in the cure of Asthma, and consequently their sale is considerable. Mr. James Ladd, a gentleman well known here, told me of a friend of his, an elderly lady, who has been troubled with Asthma for the last six years, so much so that she was unable to walk out, or use any exertion. Being advised to try Parr's Life Pills, she found herself considerably relieved by them, and persevering in their use, she was enabled, a few weeks since, not only to go about, but to walk to church, a distance of a quarter of a mile from her residence, a feat she had not accomplished for the last three years.

Another case is that of an Engineer on one of the Eastern Railroads, who, after having tried numerous other Medicines and found no relief, but a short time since, began to take Parr's Life Pills for the above distressing complaint, and I am happy to say at this present writing he is fast recovering.—I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,
 JOHN JOHNSTON.

The following, being a translation from a German letter, by Mr. Ettling, a native of Germany, now living at 167 Ludlow-street—

New York, Dec. 25, 1843.
 Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—It is rarely that we Germans can be induced to have recourse to the so-called patent medicines, as we seldom have confidence in them. A friend of mine, however, induced me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, as a cure for habitual costiveness and sick head-ache, of which I had suffered for years, and for which I could find no efficient remedy.

A few boxes of your Pills, which I bought of your Agent, have, thank God, been the means of perfectly restoring my health. I have also used those Pills in my family, and with such excellent success, that I shall henceforth keep a constant supply in my house. Should there be persons who would doubt the good effects of this Medicine, I beg to refer them to me, and I will give me much pleasure to show my gratitude for the relief they have afforded me, by recommending them to others.—Respectfully,
 C. ETTLING, 167 Ludlow-street.

Mr. J. H. Bowman writes as follows:—

Vergennes, Nov. 8, 1843.
 Messrs. THOS. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I have closed the sale of all the PARR'S LIFE PILLS sent me, and will remit the balance by our Mr. Roberts, who will be in your city in a few days. The Pills are much liked, and give great satisfaction, and are now in considerable demand, and I have told my customers if they would be patient a few days I would have some more. You will please therefore send me an equal quantity of each size immediately, by railroad to Albany.—Yours respectfully,
 J. H. BOWMAN.

Fountain Head Tavern, 96 Duane-street.
 The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—Gentlemen—I cannot be silent on the subject of your Medicine, after experiencing such benefit from it. I am grateful to you that my health has been re-established, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, after suffering much from dyspepsia for years. To show that gratitude, I shall be pleased, by your using my name, as one that can and will, at all times, testify to their great efficacy in one of the most severe cases of dyspepsia that probably ever occurred.—I am, gentlemen, Yours, respectfully,
 January 10, 1844.
 S. BROWN.

The following letter is from Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of this city:—

New York, 17th Jan., 1844.
 Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—it affords me much pleasure in being able to bear testimony in regard to the benefits to be derived from the use of your invaluable Medicine, known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." For a series of years I have been subjected to severe bilious attacks, attended with nausea and derangement of the digestive organs, and applied the ordinary remedies without relief. A friend made me a present of one box of your Pills, with a recommendation to try them. Before I had used the whole of them I found their salutary effects, and have continued the use of them up to the present time with great benefit. As a family medicine, from their gentle nature, they are of infinite service, when applied in sickness, to children, of which I have had sufficient experience in my own family. Indeed, I esteem them as the most safe and efficacious medicine now in use.—I am, gentlemen, Your most ob'dt. s't.
 THOMAS ELDER.

They can be had at the Office of the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., No. 117 Fulton-st., Second Floor.
 Mar. 30-4t.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—PUBLISHED WEEKLY
EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 30 ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER
 THIS ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Established May 14, 1842, is a Pictured Family Newspaper, containing Essays on Public Affairs, Literature, Fine Arts, The Drama, Sporting Intelligence, Science, and a record of all the events of the week at home, abroad, or in the Colonies; the whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES and 4 COLUMNS OF LETTER PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the Embellishments.

The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher forth the world a mere prospectus of a purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success. With the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim a CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES.

And proudly takes rank as the first of all the weekly journals of the empire. The fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the fine arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society;—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—to encourage letters and beaux arts—to foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

To achieve this, the proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favor and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press. When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elaborate execution of the engraver, notwithstanding the rapidity with which many of the engravings have been done—the varied talent displayed in the editorial department—the beauty of its printing—the quality of its paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming as it does a splendid volume every half year, and a work of art never surpassed,—besides various other items which could be enumerated, it must be acknowledged, that in these days of cheap literature, it is beyond comparison the greatest wonder that ever issued from the press.

* The great success of the Illustrated London News renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper.
 The "Illustrated London News" is published every Saturday, and maybe had of all the booksellers in the United States and Canada.

N.B.—Also all the back numbers. March 16-17

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THAT the blood is the life of the body, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should abstract the disease only, not the blood itself. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the weather, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable to effect its own purification at all times; to do this it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in infamously diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they CAN REGENERATE OLD BLOOD, but the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease out OF THE BLOOD, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which it retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and, generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

All GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 276 Bowery, and 1891 Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co., Montreal; Rigney & Co., Toronto. Mar. 16-17.

PERKINS HOUSE, 19 Pearl Street, Boston.—Messrs. VIGNES & GORDON have respectfully announced to their Friends and the Public, that their extensive and commodious Hotel, the PERKINS HOUSE, has been newly furnished throughout, and is now in every particular well calculated for the accommodation of Travellers and the Public generally. For comfort, convenience, and location, it is not surpassed by any Hotel in the city; and they assure those who may favor them with their patronage that every effort will be used to have every delicacy on the Table, and their Wines, &c., will be found of the best quality.

Very superior accommodation for families, and charges moderate. Apr. 27-3m.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
 COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
 No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
 Reference—G. Merie, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
 Aug. 26-17.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Gr. enhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbarious Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap. 20-17.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton possesses to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-17.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets), New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably. May 27-3m.

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances. Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-17.

RUSSELL'S NEW COLLECTION OF AMERICAN SEEDLINGS.—AZALIAS, W. RHODODENDRONS, GERANIUMS, ROSES, and DAHLIAS, are now many of them in fine bloom at the Garden and Nurseries in Henry Street, near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, late establishment of Mr. Perry. His new variety of RHODODENDRON GARDINERIAN, is the most magnificent flowering plant now in this Country, and cannot be seen elsewhere. His new Azalias consist of both Greenhouse and hardy garden varieties; his new DAHLIAS, LADY AMHURSTON, and Mrs. WEBSTER, are now for sale, in roots or plants, from \$2 to 50 cents each. Bouquets, beautifully made up, at reasonable prices. Ap. 12-21.15.

TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N.Y.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment of having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitted exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the same. Mar. 16-17.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.
 Do do 2, fine do
 Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Caligraphic Pen, No. 4—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a gross, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—
 Abbotsford, Stratford-upon-Avon,
 Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,
 The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington.

The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—

Patent, Magnum Bonum,
 Victoria, Damascus,
 Eagle, New York Fountain,
 Peruvian,

on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph GilloTT" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.

A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-17.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 10, Oct. 10, Feb. 10	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, Apr. 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, Apr. 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 10, Nov. 10, Mar. 10	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 10, Dec. 10, April 10	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 10, Jan. 10, May 10	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed thereto.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Bursing-shp, N. Y.,
 and to BARRING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.